

FIFTEEN
Real COMFORTS
OF
Matrimony.

BEING
In requital of the late Fifteen
SHAM-COMFORTS.
WITH
Satyrical Reflections on Whoring,
And the Debauchery of this Age.

Written by a Person of QUALITY
of the FEMALE SEX.

Entred according to Order.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Benjamin Alsop, at the Angel
and Bible; and Thomas Malibus, at
the Sun in the Poultry. 1683.

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TO THE
Injur'd LADIES.

NO, upon my word, Ladies; --- 'twas neither Favour nor Affection, nor Flattery, nor Fear, but something, I know not what. --- You may if you please call it Conscience, and something of Gratitude for favours formerly received amongst you, as being one of the same Sex. And these two things would not let me be at quiet, hearing ye so odly abus'd and scandaliz'd, and daily reproach'd, by those that were ten times worse than your selves,

To the Injur'd Ladies.

that is to say, Men. For these Men have got a trick to lay all the weight and burthen of their fears, jealousies, discontents, disquiets, their running in Debt, their Breaking, all upon the womens backs; and Matrimony too must be arraign'd for their sakes. But when we came to bring both to the Bar of Reason, and weigh'd the Miscarriages of both the one against the other, the Mens Scale was so heavy, you could hardly lift it: The Womens so light, that you could hardly feel it. And therefore for these Manichæans to bespatter Matrimony for the Womens sake, is such a folly of Men, that the
Women

To the Injur'd Ladies.

Women too severely labour under it. Now then I would have the Men be so ingenious, for reparation of injuries so long done the Female Sex, as to resign the Government of the World for a while to the Women; considering that we are not without examples of Heroesses, that have govern'd Empires and Kingdoms with that Fame and Renown, which has made 'em live to this present Age. For example, there was Semiramis that did wonders, and not only preserv'd, but enlarg'd her Husbands Dominions. Zenobia Queen of Assyria, famous in her generation. Thomyris,

A. 4

that

To the Injur'd Ladies.

that not only defeated, but cut off Cyrus's Head. To these we may add the Queen of Sheba, Penthesilea, Amalasuntha, Queen of the Ostrogoths. And of later times, the great Mogul had a Mistress, who having wrought her self into the affections of the Emperour, besought him to let her have her will so far, that he would lay aside his own Imperial Dignity for four and twenty hours, and suffer her to exercise his own Absolute Dominion for that time. To which the Emperour condescending, she made such good use of her short season, that the story says, she did more good in that four and twenty

To the Injur'd Ladies.

twenty hours, than the Empe-
rour had done in all his Reign
before. So that 'tis plain, that
Women can do strange things if
they were let alone. And truly
one would think the Men could
never have a better opportunity
to put their Project in practice
than now, while women resem-
ble 'em so much in their Habits,
in their Swasbes, their Justicoars
and Wastcoats, their short Hair
and Perriwigs, which in a
short time will easily bring 'em
to Breeches and Coats, which is
the only thing they want.

However, Ladies, you must
be very cautious in bringing
this affair about. For Men are
now

To the Injur'd Ladies.

now-a-days grown such splitters
of hairs, that at down-right
Swearing they'l be too hard for
ye. Nor would I have you take
for your Example the Sicilian
Vespers: I would not have you
Massacre them all in one night;
but you may if you please bind
'um all in one night, and then
seize upon their Maces and
their Caps of Maintenance,
make sure of the Bankers
their Fur Gowns and their
Trapt Horses. But above all,
Shops: which the better to
bring about, you must endea-
vour to Libel 'em, and put the
world out of conceit with 'em;
nay, to make them jealous one of

ano-

To the Injur'd Ladies.

another, and to lay em as open
as they have laid you. And that's
for the work of this Treatise, which
you are to con and get without
book; that you may be able to
pay your murmuring, repining,
complaining, ill-natur'd Hus-
bands, your domineering spend-
thrifts, and by-hole-hunters,
in their own coyns. And who
knows what a benefit this
may be to the world? For
certainly a general peace must
ensue: all Quarrels about Re-
ligion shall be at an end. Ta-
averns shall go down, and cease
to plague us with their intoxi-
cating Bruages. Gunsmiths and
Powder-men may go hang them-
selves.

To the Injur'd Ladies.

selves. And then for Bawdy
houses, there would not be one
left in the Nation. And would
not this be a blessed Reformati-
on? Well, Ladies, go on and
prosper; and when you come
into your Kingdom, remember

Vostre Bonne Amie

& Tres-humble Servante.

THE

T H E
First Real Comfort
O F
Matrimony.

Matrimony is like a good hedge about a piece of Pasture ; it keeps a Man from treading over my ground. Or if any Swash-buckler will be so eager after his game, as to break my Quick-set , and ride over my Corn , a *pedibus ambulando* presently lays him by the heels for his daring presumption.

Then again, a Woman is like a House ; the Law gives a man a Lease of her ; and he that takes a Lease of a House, is bound to keep the Tenement in repair. If she happen to be with Child, she is like a Ship, and then she never looks so handsome as when she is compleatly rigg'd and trim'd.

B

He

He that Courts a young Lady neat and fashionable in her habit, does ill if he intend not to maintain her afterwards in the same Garb. He must be no other than one of those pittiful muck-worms that go all day with their Collars unbutton'd, that lowres at the finer and more curious Dress of his Wife, as if neatness and cleanliness belonged onely to Maids, and flattern carelesness to Wives: Whereas neat, and trim, and tite, are the mark of Good-Huswifery; loose and tawdrie, the sign of a Curtisan.

All the while a man is a wooing, he loves to see every thing in print, every thing proper and well adjusted about his Mistress; but when they have got 'em once home, and the Portion is paid, then let the straws and the feathers stick upon their Gowns, 'tis not a pin matter.

Nothing more delights the eye than Beauty; but let a handsome draggle-tail come in sight, and they cry, *Fair and fluttish*. What a pleasant comfort a man has of a wife that wallows about the house in her slip-shoes, and her Linen smelling like sowre Milk! Therefore 'tis a womans love to her Husband, that she is so earnest with him for fine Cloaths, that she may be

be the more grateful acceptable to his sight :
 And what can be a greater comfort of Wed-
 lock, than the Love of a Wife? A thing
 that they who want would purchase at any
 rate. Diamonds never shew their Value,
 but when they are apparell'd in Gold ; and
 then they are admir'd by all. Proper at-
 tire, and becoming dress, are the life of
 Beauty.

And more than this, every one knows,
 'tis not every mans luck to have a hand-
 some, beautiful Wife ; some are pretty
 well, some are but so so, and some by my
 truly so homely, that as for their beauty you
 can hardly give 'em a good word. However,
 Art helps Nature ; and every one would
 by art correct the defects of Nature. Nay,
 it is their prudence to be earnest with their
 Husbands for those Assistances which Art
 requires to polish Nature, that they may
 keep themselves from the inconveniences of
 Contempt. For it is a hard matter for a
 woman to recover those unkindnesses
 which proceed from an eye that once be-
 gins to nauseate. Hence it follows, that
 one of the chief comforts of Marriage must
 be a wife well dress'd, for by that means she
 reconciles the eye that was perhaps offen-
 ded and disgusted beholding her but just
 before unready.

B 2

Dress

Dress and Carriage strangely bewitch. There is a charm in the very noise and rustling of their Petticoats-- I have known, when a Lady, at what time, which is not long ago, that women wore flaps to their shooes, when the noise of a Lady, perhaps not altogether so handsom as *Venus*, coming out of her Chamber, and gracefully beating the stairs as she descended step by step with her musical *slap, slaps*, has kindled new fires in the Husband below, though he had not been up above an hour before. To which the rustling of the Sattin Petticoat, is like the Base to the Treble, which produces such a charming harmony, that the Eye is in a manner overperswaded by the Ear, & believes that to be a new face, which before seem'd not so pleasing; and by an officious flattery of the fancie, still improving the discovery, till it beget new flames and fresh desires. Which renewing of love being a happiness, and the aim of succeeding pleasure to both parties, produced by the delightful charm of Garb and Dress, plainly evinces that the outward Ornaments of a Wife must be a great comfort to a Married Man. And no man can blanie the importunity of a Wife in that respect, when he finds it so conducing to his satisfaction. Then

Then steps in that Moral Adagie to engage him deeper in his opinion; *Fine feathers make fine birds.* And who will not endure the horrid noise of a Parrot, or the chattering of a Jay, for the sake of their curious feathers? which being so frequently experienc'd, certainly one would think a rational man should much sooner endure a little more than ordinary clamour from a Wife, for that which in the end brings him the greatest comfort of Matrimony that can be, content of Mind; and removes all those nuisances, which otherwise a satiated eye might apprehend.

Juno, the chiefest of all the Goddesses, is said to have chosen the Peacock for her peculiar Bird; and why? because of all other birds, that bird is the most sumptuously clad. And she is said of all the Goddesses, to be most gorgeous her self in her Apparel, as one that pick'd and cull'd the colours of her Knots and Ribbons, in imitation of Nature's variety bestow'd upon that Bird. For which reason the Poets generally apparel her in a Mantle embroidered with the gaudy eyes of Peacocks tails. And all this to draw the wandring affections of *Jove* home to her self. Neither did *Jupiter* ever contradict her, though she were shrew-

ish enough too. But that was not all; he let her have her humour, as finding it renewed his affection to her, after all the change of other Women.

Every new Gown causes a new wedding day; for Women furnish themselves with new smiles and new caresses against that time. Pleasure it self grows irksome, when it continues still the same. The ebbings and flowings of Affection, enhance the price of it. Should men be always happy, they would never know they were so. 'Tis the same with rain and sun-shine, winter and summer. Those Countries are most pleasant, where the temper of the seasons, and the varieties of hot and cold, foul and fair, are most kindly intermix'd: and we find that foul weather is many times more desir'd and more acceptable than a serene skie, as being much more beneficial.

In like manner, if the Quarrel of a Wife be for the advantage of a Husband, if she murmure sometimes for the want of those things which may render her self to her Husband more gay and debonaire in her humour, and her person more graceful and alluring to his eye, a storm may now and then be born with, that produces such calm effects. And

And this, by way of Doctrine and Use, may serve the more justly and severely to condemn those that run gadding to seek for change abroad, when he has so much variety at home. For most certainly, as the humour varies, the pleasure must be different. Female Insinuation having always had a knack to proportion the activity of their affection according to the nature of the gift which they receive; and it is as common a thing to caper and dance out of content and satisfaction, as to leap for joy.

But what shall we say of those that regret the opening of their Purse-strings to legal Matrimony, yet never grudge the bottom of their Bags to an imperious and lavish Mistress? As if it were not better to suffer a little under the severity, though somewhat more than ordinary expensive, of a lawful Wife, than to suffer the Martyrdom of an Estate, and to be hector'd out of their Gold by a prodigal Strumpet? unjust to their Wives, and sottishly bewitch'd, to deny that to a lawful Wife, which they part withal with so much profuseness to the frowns of their Illegitimate Miss. And fools to themselves, to purchase forbidden Lust, at the dire ex-

pence of Reputation and over-late Repentance. Yet such there are, that fret and fume, cry they cannot live a quiet hour at home, and bewail the sadness of their Condition, for a little Petticoat-importunity of their Wives, but patiently brook the reproaches of a tawdry Quean; and when she expostulates the case, and gives him a Bill of her profuse demands, and cries, *Dam her, sink her, does he think she'll live with such a dog-rogue-Pimp as he, for ten pound a week;* creeps and cringes, and makes loud Protestations and Vows of advancing her Fortune, to appease her Counterfeit wrath. With which when she is a little mollified, though not vouchsaf'd the favour which he came for, away he trudges to this Shop and t'other Shop, and in a short time sends her in a whole Caravan of Silks and toys to consummate the atonement. And do you think that person was not most severely and unmercifully us'd by a *Daughter of Joy*, that when he had bargain'd with her for a nights dalliance for twenty pound, coming to tell the mony, and finding thirteen-pence-halfpenny wanting (for it was Maltsters Cash) forc'd him after he was half unstript, to put on his clothes again, and go half a mile to bor-

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row half a crown, to make up the sum, and when he had given it her for change, kept that too? Was not this an inhuman piece of Tyranny? & yet the poor *Inamorato* took it as patient as a lamb, when perhaps he would have lamented the parting with forty Shillings to the importunity of his wife, and thought himself undone to purchase a new Nuptial night from her at the expence of a single pair of *Stays*. Such men infinitely degrade themselves, as having lost the more noble Appellation of *Whore-masters*; and exchang'd it for the ignominious title of *Whore-son Slaves*. Some are such haughty *Roxelana's*, that upon the least disgust at a Tavern, they will throw the Quart-pot, Wine & all at the submissive *Mamma-muchi's* pate; nay, & call him Son of a Whore to boot, as if they had both tumbld in one belly: Yet he goes home & lies with her all that night, and takes no more notice of his wash'd Cravat, than onely, *Why wert thou so nangry, Molly?*

Another sort there are, that rather than see their Wives go garbate and trim, can endure to live in the midst of stench and sluttery. However, they are contented, because the woman does not worry him, as he calls it, for fine Clothes. Perhaps because she was never so well bred as to know

how to wear 'em: 'twere ten thousand
 times better she did. For now she lives
 onely to convince the world by its con-
 trary, how great the comfort is which
 Wedlock receives from the love of Gallan-
 try, and cleanly spruceness. However,
 something she would have, but knows not
 what; 'tis not her stirring about her house,
 and moyling drudgerie, that keeps her tat-
 ter'd and Cinder-woman-like. She keeps
 close in her stie, pouts and lowres, and
 sends this body and t'other body to the
 Devil, and will be neither sick nor well.
 Coming into her Chamber, the first
 glance of your eye gives you a prospect of
 her Close-stool open, and her Chamber-
 pot full-charged; as if she had that high
 Opinion of her self, that she were some Ci-
 vet-Cat; or that all which came from her
 were nothing but Myrrh and Essence of
 Orange-Flowers. Draw the Curtains,
 and you behold her lying in a heap, like a
 Sea-coal-dunghil, but somewhat blacker;
 and 'tis a hard question to resolve, whether
 she durtied the sheets, or the sheets durtied
 her, for they are all alike, smock, head-
 geer and all, of the same complexion with
 a *Staffordshire Forgers* leather Apron. She
 looks so like a Witch, that you would al-
 most

most think her the Walnut-colour'd Gyp-
sie that murmur'd out the Oracles of Del-
phos. No body can dress her but *Hercules*,
because she is first to be cleans'd ; and no
body can cleanse her, but he that cleans'd
the Augean Stable. Therefore she con-
verses with no body, nor any body with
her: Onely she has this good quality, that
she is constant to her Husband, because no
body else dares come near her.

You'll say I am run into the Extremes ;
'tis requisite women should go decent and
neat, but not above their Husbands Estates.
Who shall be judge of that ? the proof of
the pudding, the man's undone ; yet no
body can say, by his Wife. Or if a man
have a mind to be undone for his Wife,
what's that to any body ? his Marriage is
never a whit the more discomfort to him,
if he think it not so. And for the woman,
she has no reason to complain ; she cannot
eat her Cake, and have her Cake.

However, all this while, where is the
discomfort of Marriage ? Marriage cannot
be said to be the occasion of this mans un-
doing or misfortune. Wedlock is too sa-
cred an Institution, to be so scandalously
reproach'd. But some men have got a
trick to conceal the infirmities of their E-
states.

states ; you shall never know what they are worth, till they break or dye. They will never let their wives understand the intrinsick Value of their Coffers, but boast continually of their gettings, and their incomes ; how much they got such a morning, how much such a day. And women proportion their demands according to the measures of what they hear or see ; believing what their Husbands swear and lie to is all Gospel. So that the men have no reason to be angry , if their credulous wives, desirous to credit their Husbands, and to keep up their Port and Quality, and therefore covetous of a little gay apparel, by which the world generally makes its conjecture, are so gentle and generous as to place and fix their own delight in their Husbands Reputation and advantage ; and may thank themselves if the women surpass the limits of their Abilities. For it is natural in all women of life and spirit, and refin'd Education, to love that which sets them forth to the best advantage, and renders them most amiable.

Neither must we expect that all women should be she-Philosophers , or so devoutly given, to throw off the love of pomp and vanity incident to youth , upon their
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being Married; as if they were entring into a Nunnery, when they first entred their Husbands doors. Friends and Relations are not to be banish'd from the Habitations of Married men; and it is better the wife should appear rather over garbated, than too mean; rather lac'd, than patcht and greasie. And truly, as the times go, 'tis but reason that men should bestow a little more cost than ordinary, or than perhaps formerly they did, that we may be able to know the Mistres from the Maid, and not run into the mistake of saluting the servant for the woman of the House.

'Tis said, that Cloaths are a certain Indication of the Disposition of the person that wears them. A Woer in the addresss which he makes to his Mistres, may soon give a shrewd conjecture at her temper by her Habit. Pride, Prodigality, Slutttery, ill-nature, all discover themselves in her dress and carriage; especially when she is in her full trim. Pride shews it self in richness of Laces, prodigality in the vanity of Ribbons, and not knowing the price of what she wears when she is askt. Slutttery appears in tawdry, and ill nature in disorder and carelesness. So that if a man make an ill choice, 'tis his own fault.

Oh

Oh but the Charms of her face or her Portion are such, that he dyes for the sake of her black brows, or her fifteen hundred pounds, if he have her not. Then I hope if he have her, he has the main comfort of Matrimony he expected, not valuing all other inconveniences, compar'd to the possession of what he enjoys. Which being so, 'tis not just in him to come with his after-reckonings: nor is it any real cause of complaint or disquiet, that she duns him for the same Port and Garb, nay, though it be more, which she could have maintain'd without him. For women by Marriage expect to meliorate their condition, and not to loare the Sails of their Maiden-pomp. So that now enjoying his desir'd comforts, he ought to let the Woman have her comforts also, which she had so fairly paid for, by the surrender of her person and her Portion. If she have nothing certainly he Married purely out of love and affection, believing there was no great felicity or comfort in this world, beyond the possession of her person; and then I fear me, that person is forsworn every day, that does not give her more than she demands.

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There is a story in *Matchiavel*, that a little before his time, the Devil came upon earth to choose him a wife, and that at length he found one out to his mind, and married her; but that among all the plagues with which she tormented him, there was none more put him to his plunges (being at a certain allowance from the grand master of Hell) than her Expenses. What's this to the purpose? this is but one single instance, and one swallow does not make a summer. It may be the Devil met with his match. But we are not to bring a general accusation against Marriage, for the follies of a few.

Commend old stern *Cato* to the Female Sex. He was their friend in a corner, and said, that he that gave them offence was to be prosecuted with as much vehemence, as he that violated the Images of the Goddesses. We grant that some women may be extravagant and lavish; but set the Hares foot to the Goose giblets; compare the good that they do, with their little extravagancies, and see which surmount. We do not presently wring off a hens neck for breaking a Venice-glass, because we expect she should lay us more eggs, and hatch us more Chickens of twice the value.

Neither

Neither does it follow, because a woman is a little expensive in Cloaths, that she may not be chaste, vertuous, and in other things sufficiently frugal too: there is a frugality in expence, and that frugal expence it is, that scatters the Coyn of a Nation, which hoarded up, does no body no good.

Wives are not impos'd upon men, but chosen; and he is a fool, and betrays his own folly too, in lamenting an act of his own, of which he can never repent but in vain.

But she louts and pouts, she mumbles and grumbles all day, and at night turns tayl abed, and won't let him -----unless----- and all the reason in the world. For the wealth of a Family ought to be common to both. And therefore a wife has just cause to be offended, and to shew her disgust, if the Husband deny her that, which she has as much right to bestow on her self, as he has to give her. He denies her her due, and she denies him his. So that in this case, 'tis not the effect of Matrimony, but his own peevish injustice that occasions his disquiet. For, take away the cause, the effect ceases.

But she demands more than his Estate will produce. He toys and moys, and

runs

runs and goes, and labours and sweats, and takes care, yet nothing will content her. Those things should have been concerted at first. However, 'tis a sign she had rather have it by fair than by fowl means; rather from him than from another. Otherwise, had she a design to be supply'd another way, she would never trouble him. If it be true which he says, that she does really overcharge him, has he not the law in his own hands? But this is the mischief on't, all men desire rich wives; and when they have them, know no bounds of moderation at first, but spend as if they thought the bag had no bottom. The woman, as she finds it at first, believes the same golden age will still continue. So that when she comes to be stinted, and finds the suddain alteration, no wonder she takes it impatiently, as one that not having seen the accompt stated, cannot be perswaded she has had her share in the dissipation of her fortune. Better it were then, that men would seek out wives suitable to their condition, and not run proling after great Fortunes, not regarding the fitness of the person for their society and employment, but the largeness of the Portion, let her be otherwise Prodigal, or Slut,

Slut , or what she will. The Boarding-Schools are ranlackt , the Prerogative-Office rumag'd from one end to the other ; and if they hear of a prey, all the Arts and Inventions of the Devil, Midwives, Nurses, Chambermaids, and other subtle instruments of insinuation and temptation are set at work to ensnare the poor unthinking Gentlewoman. And what comes on't ? if the intelligence were real , Law-suits, Prosecutions, and Divorces. If not, quiet possession , the womans friends overjoy'd they are rid of her, and when all comes to all, both cheated. Then after the heat is a little over, the main business begins to be scann'd ; inquiry is made , tip-toe expectations on both sides. But when the lame discovery comes limping out , then how is the darling of his Soul cursed and bann'd, and the Match-maker damn'd , and the deaf devil invok'd to take 'em both ! But there is no remedy ; the Thumb is ring'd , that must not long enjoy that golden Hoop ; and so the deluded Couple consume away in unpaid-for Lodgings , and the poor Chandlers debt.

Sometimes two grave Beard-stroakers meet with their *Legem pone*-Law , and at length conclude a Match by way of bargain

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gain and sale ; and so the young Couple are at last married by Indenture.

But if any inconveniences arise from these corruptions of Matrimony , they are not to be lookt upon as the discomforts of lawful Wedlock , but as the punishments of rash and greedy riot , or the long experienc'd inconveniences of *Smithfield-barter*.

But lawful Matrimony , which is the effect of choice and mature consideration of the mutual temper and affection of both parties, that's the true Matrimony , that seldom misses the end it aims at ; where differences between Husband and Wife, like discords in Musick, render the harmony of their society more sweet and delectable ; and where those little quarrels about new Gowns and Petticoats do but whet the Appetite , or else awak'n the slumbring kindness of the Husband.

As for stealing of Fortunes , and tolling of wives in the Market ; they are Matches generally of Monsieur Satans making ; and therefore if they be accompani'd with ruine and misfortune, 'tis no great wonder. For Vertue, Honour, Chastity, Diligence, and good Education , are the chief Dowrie to be lookt after in a wife. And for such, let them

them wear Tissue, if they desire it; and they'l never desire it, if it may not be afforded them.

T H E
Second Real Comfort
O F
Matrimony.

BUT the Charge does not end it seems in this; there are other Expences of another nature; Stratagems and Collusions of Gossips one among another, that make the poor mans night-cap sit uneasy. And this Expencc is of a long continuance, from the first Quickning, to the last ceremony of Churching. But here, give me leave to tell ye, beloved, that if there be any discomfort in Marriage, 'tis the woman that feels it, and not the man.

The rolling and tumbling of the little *Embryo*, twinges her every moment; the qualms of breeding run through every vein of her body, more particularly affecting

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fecting the stomach, and occasioning that
 squeamish niceness of Appetite that re-
 quires a more curious and agreeable nou-
 rishment and refreshment, as well for the
 Infant as the Breeding woman. Nature
 also bulie in the framing of a new Crea-
 ture, produces strange operations in Fe-
 male fancy, which if it be not satisfi'd
 with the enjoyment of those objects which
 it has fix'd upon, is the occasion many
 times of great detriment to the Mother by
 frequent Miscarriage, and great disfigure-
 ment to the Child. And then is time for
 a woman to try the affection of her Hus-
 band, who must be thought very unkind
 to venture the life of his dearest Consort
 for the want of two or three plump Par-
 tridges, or the corner of a Venison Pa-
 stie. It would be a mercy unseasonably
 shewn to his new shoes, or the soles of his
 feet, to grutch the trudging, though it
 were ten miles a foot, to obtain so slight a
 satisfaction to a tender wife, suffering for
 the sake of his own pleasure. Certainly
 if there be any content in the delicacy of
 Viands, that happiness is enhanc'd; and a
 man can have no greater comfort in Ma-
 trimony, than to feast and junket with his
 wife, his best Companion, and his dearest
 friend. It

It is but an ordinary piece of gratitude to indulge the Palate of a teeming woman, and to alleviate the throws of Conception and Maturation with the slender gratification of a few kick-shaws, knowing how great the return of the fruit which she bears, will be at the end of her time. If nothing less will serve her than a wash-bowl of Claret, if she has a mind to confound a whole Sive of Kentish Cherries, or to deprive a roasting Pig of his Ears, and know them off upon her knees from the spit, where's the discomfort of Matrimony in all this? There's ne'r a man in the world that cares to see his Daughter depriving her sweet-heart of his full kiss, by reason of the piece wanting in her hare-lip: Or to see a red spot over-spreading his Sons check, as if Nature had wrapt him up in natural Scarlet, for a continual pain in the Gums. And all this for want of a pitiful forty shillings-worth of green pease in *April*. Men never consider the Crowns and Angels they throw away in their pot-revelling, and Healing it at the Tavern; their Collations at the *Rummer*, with Salmon and old *Hock*, their Hashes and Potages at the *Bear* in *Birchington*; while they grudge the poor Teeming women

woman at home, under the affliction of their nocturnal satisfaction, the bare sole of a single Cony, and a penny white-loaf.

Oh! ----but then there must be a new *Alkove*, with a deep Silk Fringe; there must be a Scarlet Satten Mantle for the new-born Babe, with a broad gold and silver bone-lace; there must be a Court-Cup-board cover'd with Tankards and Caudle-cups of Goldsmiths work; and then the Gossips come in in shoales, and devour like *Æthiopian* Locusts. There must be Neats-Tongues, and Westphalia Hams, piles of Oranges and Lemmons, and Mountains of *Woodstreet* Plum-cakes. Neither must the *French* and *Spanish* Juyces be wanting to wash these sorrows from their Female Hearts. The women prate and chat and tattle too, and give ill Counsel, and bad Instructions. They discover by what means and ways they obtained it, and what an Arbitrary power they have at home. Now where's the discomfort of *Matrimony* in all this? here's nothing but mirth and comfort it self; pure rejoycing for the birth of a Man-child. Would you be willing to be Landlord to a Confit-maker, and not have him pay his Rent?

Then

Then for Gossips to meet, nay to meet at a lying in, and not to talk, you may as well dam up the Arches of *London-Bridge*, as stop their mouths at such a time. 'Tis a time of freedom, when women, like Parliament-men, have a privilege to talk Petty Treason. And he's an *Ignoramus* of a Husband, that will not pass an act of oblivion for the Trespasses of a Christning Banket.

Women are sociable Creatures as well as men; and if they can't talk Philosophy, they must talk of that which they better understand.

I never heard but of one man, an *Italian* Painter, who was made believe that he was with Child; who was so apprehensive of the trouble and pangs of Delivery, that having but a hundred pound in all the world, he gave it all a Physitian for a distill'd water of fat Capons, and other Ingredients, to cure him of his burden. The fellow that had his Brother growing out of his side, found it an unmerciful trouble to lug him about.

Men must acknowledge that women have done them a most extraordinary kindness, to ease them of that ponderous weight of Infant-carriage. And therefore
since

since they have all the trouble, 'tis fit they should have some retaliation and alleviation of their pains. And therefore they that make these Expences the *discomforts* of *Matrimony*, are onely such as desire an end of the world for want of Procreation. For they are such necessary and incumbent appurtenances to the act of Generation, that you may as well separate the Sea from a mouth of a River, as part expence from the Chamber of Delivery. For man is Lord of the world, and of all the Creatures, and therefore it is fit that as much of the Creature as may be, should attend him at his first entry. These are therefore laudable Expences; and there can be no discomfort in doing that which is laudable and honourable.

These are nothing to the discomforts of the secret sinner. The first thing that salutes him in a morning, going to drink his mornings draught, (and he had need of it, Heaven knows, to wash sorrow from his heart) is an old woman, that drops him a curtsey, and gives him a little piece of Foul Paper, ill folded up, and seal'd with the end of a Thumb. Sir, quoth she, it comes---well, well, I know, 'tis sufficient, ---well; but Sir, quoth she, ---well---well

C

--no

---no more, quoth he.---But Sir,---and
 then she gives him the doleful whisper,---
*The Gentlewoman is in great distress for want
 of Money; she expects every hour, and the
 people threaten to turn her out of her Lodging.*
 ---Oh the comforts of Whoring then, how
 they slide to his benumm'd heart, and car-
 ry a chink through his blood, like the
 juyce of Henbane! Ale will not then go
 down; a Tost and Sack must be the Cor-
 dial, which taken liberally at first, causes
 him to indulge himself into a forgetfulness
 of the business for that day. But the next
 morning, fresh Terroures assail his thoughts.
 Sometimes he thinks he sees a little bundle
 of unfortunate Innocence lying at his door;
 sometimes he believes he sees the same
 witherd-fac'd Messenger that brought him
 the first Letter discouraging with his wife;
 loss of Reputation amoses him. The ve-
 ry thoughts of a Church-warden, and
 finding Security, drives him almost to de-
 spair. Well, something must be done. A-
 way he takes a disconsolate march about
 the Streets, and at length the sign of the
 Cradle in a by-hole, revives his drooping
 Soul. In he goes, and fortunately finding
 the she-professor of Iniquities Mytery, to
 her unfolds his deplorable misfortune. The
 de-

demands run high, besides Lodging and Candles, a dry and a wet Nurse, and all ready money, no faith. And that pinches hard, to pay so high for illegitimate Touch and go. *Summa totalis* 200 l. and a weekly Contribution of four shillings, besides Barrows, Clouts, Coats, diminutive shooes, Sugar and Candles. All things concluded, in pops the light Housewife in the dark out of her close Sedan, and goes for the wife of a bad Husband gone beyond Sea; only the compassion of her friend is such, that his charity will not let her want.

All this while there is no contract or bargain that will bind these Purse-sucking bauds; for the threatening to lay the Child at the door, is such a terrible thunder-clap to his ears, and the Jades do so haunt him, that he may be truly said to live a continual slave to their necessities; which must of force be a great consolation to his mind over the left shoulder.

Whereas the Expences belonging to the lawful Marriage-bed, bring no such vexations to the Mind; as being only the occasion of mirth and jollity among the Neighborhood, and gain the reputation of generosity and kindness to the Husband.

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And

And thus you find the Country Farmers feast their Harveſt-folks and ſheepſhearers after their work is over. The endurance of pain and travel that brings advantage, ought to be recompenced to the full. And it is not the kind and becoming Treatment of a Wife, to retaliate her yearly preſents of lawful Iſſue, that can diſquiet a loving Husband, but the paying for a Baſtard, and the ſubjection he lives in to the concealers of his Infamy, that cauſe a fermentation in his thoughts, and make his very life uneaſie to him.

I had almoſt forgot one thing more; there's the Spiritual Court too, if he have not a great care to prevent it, will have a conſiderable fleece from his back to boot. And iſt not a great comfort to a man, d'ye think, to ſtand in the face of his whole Pariſh, and more Spectators than came to hear the Parſon, lapt up in a white ſheet all but his face, as Spirits walk by midnight? and all for ſporting between unlawful ſheets, which though two to one, will never be able to wipe off the diſgrace of the ſingle ſhroud. So great a blemiſh may a man receive from white as well as from charcoal black, while the white ſheet diſcovers what the white ſheets were made

to conceal. My dear friends consider these things.

THE Third Real Comfort OF Matrimony.

WELL---and what then? ---why when a man has got a woman within the Pale of Matrimony, she is then like a Mess of Porridge. And there is no man has got his dish of broth well crumm'd and season'd for his own Palate, but will be very angry if another come with his long spoon to eat it up from him. The most surly maintainer of *Liberty and Property*, in the case of Matrimony, will not allow those two words to *associate* together; for assuming all the property to himself, he will not admit of any liberty to the woman.

If a Gentleman with a Sword by his side, and flaring Cravat, with Fring'd Gloves,

Gloves, be observ'd to visit his wife, presently 'tis look'd upon as an ill sign: if he Coach her abroad, 'tis ten times worse, for that, by the custom of the City, the women are never to shew their best cloaths but onely on Sundays, or upon solemn invitations to Burials and Christnings. The Vicinity being thus in an uproar, some cunning, Mantissimus busie-body or other undertakes, out of good will, as he calls it, to come and give his Neighbour prudent advice, as being a young man that had not seen the world; and so most gravely and right reverently, over the expence of eight brasse farthings, at a penny club, forewarns and admonishes him of the mischiefs that hang over his head.

This friendly advice puts a hundred maggots into the Husbands head, when Heaven knows, all was well before. So that if the poor man be troubled afterwards with a tingling in his ears, or worms in his pate, he may thank that impertinent intelligence of his officious neighbour, and not his wife for it. For it argues a great folly in a man, not to bid such an impertinent admonitor go about his own business; rather choosing to live free from tittle tattle, and to stand fast in the

the opinion of the slipperous Town-Fley-bergebites, than to keep himself quiet at home, by letting his wife go abroad now and then with a friend.

'Tis observ'd, that women seldom think ill, till their Husbands dream it first. By trusting a woman, you lay an obligation upon her; by distrusting her, you put her upon those little revenges which perhaps she never thought of before. Thus it was the great argument which the *Spanish Lady* us'd to herself, that she had not done much amiss to admit her Page into her Bed, because she knew that her Husband was a bed with an Inn-keepers Daughter of the Town, at the same time. So that he who keeps his wife under a causeless restraint, lays the trains himself that blow up his content, and then lays the fault upon Matrimony.

He that carries her to a Feast, must be her gallant; that's indubitable. But he that carries her to a Play or a Ball, commits abomination, and is presently to be Excommunicated from the House. So ready are the *Mate-spiers* in other peoples eyes, to squander away the content and reputation of their Neighbours; and yet would be the first that would complain,

were they so hamper'd themselves.

Therefore say the Doctors in Love-Affairs, that a woman which is kept as it were under lock and key, and made to renounce all her former acquaintance after Marriage, is half gain'd: and your true gamesters must generally prey where controul and tyranny are most sower and severe.

But these Kinsmen, you'l say, are no Kinsmen, but men in the shape of Kinsmen; and what ever the pretence be, the design is quite another thing, and the Kinsman and the wife concert together. Why, look ye for this, 'tis a general custom in *England*, and many other places, when Locks go hard to oyl 'em. If the humour of a morose Husband be so stingie and rustie, that it will not easily give way, it must be oyl'd with fair pretence and clever invention. 'Tis a happiness to him, that he has not Marry'd the contempt of the world, but that he has a wife who deservedly merits the respect of others besides himself. There is no man that has any thing of generosity, but that to some, and at some times, lends out the most precious part of his wealth, his Horse, his silver-hilted Sword, and his Guineys to boot.

And

And is it such a piece of matter sometimes to lend out the good company and cheerful society of his wife, so long as she's safely returned again? Should men be bound to confess the cheats and shams they put upon their wives, when they have been potting and piping, and *Shovel-boarding* it till twelve a clock a night, and pretend they have been dunning this Knight, or t'other Lady, they would think it a hard case. 'Tis nothing for a man that has been a Caterwawling all day, and comes home with a weeping Flagelet, to tell her a story of straining his back in taking a ditch after a Hare; but the mollified excuse of a Kinsman to go abroad with her, must be a crime never to be forgiven. For it must be a Kinsman, or else her Lord and Master will not let her go. As if a Kinsman were such a guard to womans honesty; when if we rightly consider'd it, the Proverb tells us, *The nearer akin, the deeper in.* So then 'tis not the going abroad, nor the going abroad with a Kinsman, which is the discomfort of Matrimony; but 'tis his own fears and suspicions that muddle his brains.

If I lend my gay Sword to a friend and he happens to wound another in a Duel

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with

with it, yet if he return it bright and clear, my Sword is never the worse. What the eye sees not, the heart never rues; why should then a man torment himself, when he cannot perceive the least injury done him; not so much as the value of a hair taken from him? On the other side, it is the comfort of Matrimony, that a man is the owner of a wife admir'd for her Conversation and Education, which signifie little, unless communicated to several, and not singly to one. Men do not marry to bury their wives alive in a house; and it is an ornament to their Husbands Reputation, when they do not make themselves contemptible by silly behaviour, but respected for their complaisance and acceptable freeness. And a man had better be over-indulgent to his wife in point of liberty, than be accounted her Jaylor. In short, 'tis a greater comfort of Matrimony to have a wife that loves to go abroad, rather than one that lyes lurking at home. For she that keeps her kennel, is a continual spie over his actions, and has always a *whitber* gaye at her tongues end; whereas the t'other lets the man take his lopes as she takes hers.

But

But who can keep his Mistress from gadding, though he pay her never so well? Where's your Empire and Dominion there Sir? she scorns the domineering Colly, values not his fowre looks, nor comes to ask leave. But has her Chariots at her wink to trundle her about the Town among her Jacks and her Jills, while she frolicks away the souls of his unruly heat. Fatal scaperloytring sometimes, that frequently brings the lascivious Prodigal more than Circumcis'd from the Surgeon, and sends him Noseless to the grave.

THE

THE
 Fourth Real Comfort
 OF
 Matrimony.

BUT now, *Matrimony*, have at thee with a swinging blow. Thou art the Product of Children, and the worst of Children, Daughters that live and grow up, and expect Portions, and the Devil a cross there's for 'em. However, besides the Charge of the Boarding-School, there must be fine Cloaths to quicken the Market ; and the Mother would fain be a Grand-mother, but cannot. And this, they pretend, breeds ill blood, wrangling, and snarling, and quarrelling, and twits and taunts, and I know not what disorder in a Family. But they must certainly be a very weak sort of women, that make these disturbances, and consequently very few : nor ought they indeed to be disturbances to any man of reason. For the comfort of Matrimony is.

is so great in the having of Children, that it surmounts all other Considerations; And he that has the greatest stock, may be said to have a vast Estate of his own Flesh and Blood. But the real discomforts of Marriage then clamour loudest, and give the bitterest twinges to the heart, when the man is reproached for his Impotency, or the woman tax'd for imperfection; which puts the woman into such a passion, that she never rests till she has found where the fault lyes. And I hope that woman cannot blame her Husband for not providing for that which is none of his own. Therefore you see the Form of the English Matrimony starts a notable Question about the *Impediment*; to shew that the end of Marriage is the Generation of Children, not of Cloaths nor Portions. Yet those are Circumstances, not to be altogether forgotten neither. However, the great Lady that call'd all her Gallants to her bed-side when she lay a dying, and assign'd to every one his share, is a convincing Argument that a man may toil and moil, and cark and care, and when he has done, bestow the sweat of his brows in the wrong Christmas-box. Let a man be sure not to fail a woman in the main poynt of the *Impediment*, and he may

may be sure he has some, though not all, nay it may be his share in all; let 'um share all alike higgledy piggledy, give 'um good breeding and good Education. She that carries that to her Husband, carries a Portion as good as a Thousand pounds. Her skill in raising a Turkey or a Goose-Pye, is clearly to be valu'd at the rate of two hundred pound; her knowledge in marketing is worth two hundred pounds more, and her skill in preserving at the other hundred pound; there's as good as five hundred pound of the Kings best Coyn in England. Portions ruine more than they make: He that marries a wife for the Portions sake, buys a Concubine, does not marry a wife. Do but let us have good Protestant Nunneries to lay up the lame and the deformed, and then divide the Money to the Sons, and you shall quickly see the young brisk Lads pick and call out the rest, as we do Cherries, till there be none left. If it be the discomfort of *Matrimony*, that a man is not able to give his Daughter a Portion, 'tis a greater discomfort to him to see his Daughter return'd upon his hands, like a *Bromigbam*-groat, after the consumption of his Benevolence; which if he had never had to part withal, he had never been

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been under that discomfort. Neither is it safe always to divulge what a man intends to give his Daughter: for if that be once given out, then comes one smooth-chinn'd slipstring or other, and makes a Pye-corner assurance of his affection upon her belly.

There are some young Damfels that take too much notice of Men, when they turn to the wall, and are that very careless too, to make water: which puts 'um into such an uncontrollable passion, that for haste they fall in league with the Groom or the Butler, and run away with 'um.

There are some men that will sit at a Tavern and take off glass for glass with their pin-feather'd Songs, and never rebuke 'um, when they hear 'um cry—God—d—me, Sir, you don't drink fair, be—G—d—Sir, I drank last. Some there are that make it their sport, and look on without offence, to see the young Squire kiss and tumble the Vintners Cook-maid before their faces,

Now these are all *hopeful*, as they call 'um, such as may be easily thought can shift for themselves without Portions: such as can swim in the world without the bladders of Dowries and Annuities.

And therefore never let men or women trouble

trouble their brains about Portions ; for if their Sons and their Daughters are sensibly sensible of their inability, they can find no other way to the wood of themselves. Women are not aware that fine Cloaths, and the assurance of Portion, spoil the Daughters Sunday-Devotion at Church. And then for the Week-day Morning-prayers, a lac'd Night-rail and a long scarf sets 'um equal with the best. And what occasion have they of gadding any farther abroad ?

Therefore 'tis no discomfort of Matrimony to be *wife-dunn'd* for Childrens Portions ; for the recreation and pleasure is as great to see the Ingenuity of his Children in shifting for themselves, as to stand upon the soyl, and see a Hare dance and double before the Hounds.

If all this will not stop the Womans mouth, the man may tell her That the Lacedemonians made a Law that no man should give any Portion with his Daughter. It may be she'll say, she does not care a f-e for the Lacedemonians ; Then you may tell her what a good Lady *Heus* was, who permitted the Cyprian Damsels to suffer all strangers to make use of their bodies till they had got enough to marry

'um.

'um honestly; and ask her how she likes this Project for her Daughters? For if a woman will have a Portion for her Daughter where it cannot be had, she must fetch it out of the fire. When the young bird's flown, the old one never takes farther care of her. You never knew an old Rook give a Portion to the young ones, onely you may find they gave 'um good learning and Education, and so leave 'um. Observe but the Temple-Garden. Therefore, O most indulgent Mothers, cease your Clacks, and let not Matrimony be reproached for your sakes, with a discomfort, which well considered brings both belight and advantage to your Husbands.

THE

T H E
Fifth Real Comfort
O F
Matrimony.

Come, come, --- we'll soon determine this Controversie; Here's an old old man has married a young young woman; and because he cannot give her the least content, she seeks for aid and assistance elsewhere. As I told you before, 'tis a notable question, that in the Form of Marriage, about the *Impediment*. The Husband is called to answer for himself, and the standers by are bid and charg'd to speak their minds; yet not one will open his mouth, when they know the old Dottrel to have no more pith in his back than an Elder-gun. And thus the young Gentlewoman, all fire and high-mettel'd, is deluded and frustrated of all her Expectations. And this is a wrong not to be repair'd by all the Darling-Gold in his Coffers. Her
Parents

Parents might have as well have married her to an Eunuch, or the Statue of *Phaërus*.

'Twas a most insufferable injury done to one of the most flourishing Beauties in one of the adjoyning Counties, for a Gentleman to marry her when he was not onely impotent, but defective. I tell ye this, to shew ye the Convenience of *Lycurgus's* Law about Deputy-Kinsmen. However, such was the modesty of the Lady, that she never discover'd her misfortune, and so dy'd a married Virgin. He might have gone over ten Counties, and not have met with such a *Phoenix*.

Say you, the remedy is worse than the disease, ~~this contrary to Law~~ I will not argue the point of Law ~~but I say~~, there are pregnant excuses that mollifie and extenuate the fact. Here is a disappointment of Nature it self; here is the loss of offspring, and the highest violation imaginable of the Nuptial bed. Now give me leave to tell ye a story; for I think I have one in my budget fit for the purpose.

There was a very fine Lady that liv'd in a great City of *Italy*, who had the misfortune to be taken a bed in the arms of her Lover. Her Husband like an old fool grew

grew horn-mad presently, and would needs take the severity of the Law against her, which was no less than Death. There wanted no proof you may be sure on the Husbands part; however, the Lady came very clearly off, by her own discretion. For said she to the Judge, Pray ask my Husband, whether ever I deny'd him the satisfaction of my body whenever he requir'd it? The Husband confess'd what she said to be very true. Well then, my Lord, replied the Lady, what should I have done with the over-plus that remain'd in my own power? should I have cast it away, like the Elders Maid? Was it not better for me to pleasure a worthy Gentleman that was ready to dye for love of me, than a surfeited Husband, that had ten times more than he knew what to do withal? Where lies now the discomfort of an old mans marrying a young Lady all fire and town? He lies at sack and Manger, and has his full swinge of all the pleasure and comfort that he is in any possibility capable of. 'Tis the poor Lady that suffers a continual famine, that lies yawning and stretching for more; but all in vain: the springs of life and vigour are all dried up. Limbs and Frigidty are the onely fuel that feed her

her youthful flames. Her amorous fires
kindled by the Embers of his droo-
ping years, grow violent, and prey up-
on her lusty blood. And is it not time
to call out for help, when hardly the spout
in a Whales neck will serve to send forth
streams sufficient to quench her inward
fires?

Nor can ye blame her for the refusal of
his conjugal Kindness at some times. For as
he is her Husband, she is not bound to kill
him with over-doing. She has more
good Nature. Or if by flattery and dal-
liance she milk the udders of his Golden
Heifers, 'tis but reason he should pay for
his pleasure, who can afford her no other
Retaliation.

If she seek her relief with prudence and
secrecie, 'tis but common discretion, and
she may be allow'd to take fees at both
hands, when no body can determine the
cause but her self.

He that cannot keep Shop by himself,
may be glad of a Copartner to joyne with
him. And it may be a Question, whether
he that neglects the aid of necessary res-
tatives in this case, may not be said to
be a *felo de se*, and to be the occasion of her
own death, by confining her self to the
streams

streams of a Church-yard all night, and all day conversing with a walking Charnel-House. These are not only discomforts, but terrors and affrights: and you may commend her valour too, as well as her patience, to lye with an apparition.

But what may we think of those decrepit half-pint Lechers, who being as senseless as a dry'd Fennel-stalk, yet you may dog them shuffling along with their trickling hams, till they pop into one of their old haunts of iniquity. Where they call for Vice to correct Sin, for forgetting this former Lessons of lasciviousness. While the sturdy Quen belabours their buttocks, till their impotent wimbles peep out of their bellies to beg a reprieve for their Tails.

There are some, that when their other Tackle fails 'em, love to fornicate with their eyes. And such a one was he, that when he could hardly draw his legs after him, but with the help of two Church-pillars instead of Crotchets, yet could not forbear to make his evening visits to a common Bawdy-house, the Town, where his owne sight was, over two black pots of Ale, nor behold the naked Hanches of a strapping black-brow'd Quen, which she

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all daub'd with fat as she stood opposite to him, bolt upright in the Chimney, like the Idol *Moleck*, all bedript with the fat of his Infant-Offerings.

I could tell ye of another grave Father in sin, whose invention was much more odd and fantastical, and much more chargeable. For he had always a leash, or a leash and a half of young Quans in his pay, whom he always treated in a great room, with a roasting fire, and a Table furnish'd with all the Delicates of the Poulterers shops. Where when they came to supper, they were to enter and sit down as naked as they were born, and fall to merrily, while he as naked as they, crept under the Table, and there lay *erring* and *snarling* like a Dog, and snapping sometimes at their shins, and sometimes at their feet, sometimes at their thighs, and cranching the bones which they threw him down from their Trenchers.

Now if it be such a discomfort of Matrimony for an impotent Curmudgeon that has Marry'd a vigorous Damsel to her infinite injurie, to admit of a friendly Co-adjutor, here are pleasant remedies and inventions found out for him, which he may make use of for the ease and solace of

of her discontent; but never let him be disquieted at what his young brisk and dissatisfied wife does; when he is the only occasion of all she does himself.

Rather, if an old Hunk without life or vigour, have such an inclination to leachery, let him in imitation of the former examples; please those senses which are least defective; and not go about to make a young and better-deserving Gentlewomans life miserable and loathsome to her, where she expects her greatest felicity and enjoyment.

Now it is to be said a distinction of Masters & Servants is necessary to her in-
 dustry, to admit of a friendly Co-
 operation, here are pleasant remedies and in-
 ventions found out for him, which he
 may make use of for his ease and solace
 of

T H E
Sixth Real Comfort
O F
Matrimony.

WHat's the matter now? why now we're all to pieces again. Here's a wife with a wannon,-----she'l dine when she pleases, she'l sup when she pleases; nay, she'l neither dine nor sup when she pleases: she'l command the servants, be Mistress of Mis-rule; she questions all comers and goers, breaks open her Husbands Letters,---Hoyda,---and what of all this? why 'tis the greatest discomfort as can be, to have such a woman as this. Now is not this Husband a Ninnie to complain of such a wife? 'tis pitty exchange is not permitted by the Law. Why there are men that would give him their own wives, and a thousand pound to boot, for such a woman as this. By my Fakens he's shrewdly hurt, to have a wife that frees him from all his Family-cares. Who should question peo-
D
ples

ples business, but she who is able to give 'em an answer? who should command his servants, but she who has authority so to do? But she won't eat her dinner,--- why then let her let it alone. You may be sure she'l never starve her self; and having such a command iⁿ the House, she knows the way to the cupboard herself. ~~But not with him.~~ Then let him eat by himself: it shews great and Majestical, so that his servants be but about him. But she breaks open his Letters. What? are they *Billet doux's*, or assignations? if they be, he's a fool to let them come home to his House. For 'tis the nature of women to be peeping; and the Poet says, Though you thrust nature back with a Pitch-fork, she will return.

But that which grieves him most, is, that she is so stingie and waspish, notwithstanding all his courtship and kindness. Alas! that does but feed the humour. 'Tis like drinking Claret to cure sore Eyes. Womens humours are like the Gout. You may use a thousand remedies, and all to no purpose, till the pain and swelling wear off of themselves. Besides, you may be certain, whatever humour possesses a woman, that humour pleases her. Therefore

let

let her enjoy it ; 'tis not the part of a kind Husband to court her out of it.

However, this is a most horrible discomfort, not to be deny'd ; when a man sends home to his wife before-hand , and desires him to make provision , because he has some very good friends to come and sup with him. And what then ? why then shall she like an undutiful slut as she is, neglect all his commands, and not only makes no provision, but sends all the servants out of the way on purpose , to the utter disappointment of him and his friends. Why look ye , if a man wants Government , he must blame his own folly , not his wife. 'Tis the opinion in such a case of some great Doctors , that a man may take his wife *to task* , as the world has a genteel soft word for it, to prevent the like miscarriage another time. Daily experience tells us, that when men find their bodies over charged with ill humours , they are forc'd to exercise a sort of kind cruelty upon their own flesh, and to cut holes in their Arms, Thighs, Legs, and Temples, to let out those ill humours, with the waste of their life-blood. The same reason then that prevails with a man not to spare cruelty to himself, may excuse him if with

more moderation, he onely take his wife to task.

Two Gentlemen travelling upon the road, came at length to a place where they found a Carrier belabouring the sides of a damn'd restie Mare, that would neither go backward nor forward, as if he had been sheathing a Ship with sheet-lead. The Gentleman pitying the poor beast, desired the Carrier to be less passionate. The Carrier bid them meddle with their own business, for he knew his Mares disposition better than they. The same night one of the Gentlemen invited his friend home with him, and desired his wife to provide him a handsome Treatment, and told her what he would have; but when Supper came to be serv'd up, there was not only nothing of what he expected, but every thing ill drest and out of order. Thereupon, the Gentleman after Supper, in the presence of his friend, took his wife to task, and was so severe, that his friend rebuk'd him, as they had both rebuk'd the Carrier. But the Gentleman returning the Carriers answer, went on, taking his wife to task, till he brought her both to submission, and promise of amendment. You'l say this was Carrier-like. Oh, Sir, you are mistaken,

ken ; there's a delight in Correction, that tickles some men extreamly. Else the Presbyterian Parson would never have taken so much pleasure as he did, in whipping his Maid. Pedagogues delight in lashing, and are glad when a Boy commits a fault, that they may be at their beloved sport. And were it the fashion for Schoolmasters to teach Female Scholars, you should find more whipping than there is.

Well, but on the other side, perhaps the woman may be in no fault neither. For how does she know but that they may be a company of Town-cheats, that have a design to dip themselves in her Husbands shop-book ; or else such a sort of wanton Canary-birds, that have wheadled her Husband to give them a treatment at his house, to get an opportunity to make an Intreague with his wife ? and therefore she does discreetly to keep out of their way, and lock herself up in her Chamber. That woman is highly to be commended many times, that retires her self, to avoid the opportunities of temptation. You may be sure there's something i'the wind when your flippeting Gallants are so desirous to go home with a man. For otherwise,

could not he as well have given 'em a Treat A-la-mode at the Tavern, as trouble his wife with a Supper? And another thing is, men cannot be so merry in womens company; 'tis not so proper to swear and tell bawdy stories in the presence of the Mistress of the House, as when they're among themselves. Now where's the discomfort of Matrimony, because a woman will not expose her self to the inconvenience of these perilous times?

But for a poor-spirited Ouf to be cow-baby'd by his Punk; to let her cog and flatter out of him not only his own, but the secrets of his wife; to let her be familiar with his Pockets; read his Notes and Letters; and understand the depth of his concerns; to sit in her Chamber cursing, banning, plaguing and poxing his wife, to make Musick in her Ears; to let her break his pate, and burn his Perriwig; nay, and which is worse, to maintain a Strumpet under his wifes nose, in her own house, and turn her out of her own bed, to make room for his imperious Harlot; to let her be the *Domina fac totum*, and Mistress of mis-rule over Wife, Servants, and himself, and all: These are the precious comforts of Whoring, beloved, that may be

be born with, when the sullen look of a wife must be reckon'd among the Fifteen Discomforts of Matrimony.

Most certainly such a woman lives under all the discomforts imaginable, to see a ranting Concubine usurping her authority, and ruling the roost within her own Territories. No man can suffer any such inconveniences from the pouting and scowling of a wife. Neither are men so free from peevish and morose themselves, that they should think a little doggedness in their wives such a terrible calamity. Physicians give those Medicines which are proper for the distemper. And many times a woman finds her Husband very costive in the Purse. Now if a Husband be such a Cox, to let his wife understand his infirmity, and that a dram or two of *powring* will put him into a *kind-hearted looseness*, you may be sure she'll never forgo her *Probatum est*. I had rather a woman should frown and hang the lip, then colloque and flatter; for under that grass lurks the most dangerous Serpent.

A woman that only scowles and lows, has but one string to her bow; and a little train of resolution defeats her: but the cunning tongue-pad Slut, like a Mole of a

Gypſie, undermines the very heart of a man, and blows up all his conſtancy. Sullenneſs is only a tryal of ſkill, and may miſs as well as hit. But flattery is meer Witchcraft, and unrefiſtable. Sullenneſs puts a man to aſk the reaſon, and many times he finds it : But flattery admits of no conſideration. Good Government prevents ſullenneſs; but flattery is a charin againſt diſcretion.

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T H E
Seventh Real Comfort

O F
Matrimony.

ANd is it possible that a woman should live so long honest with her Husband, and turn drab at last? However here's but a piece of a discomfort; the Scene changed; exit Wife, enter Devil. And the cause of this is, because sh: has taken a surfeit of Husband. In this case---- give me leave to scratch first--- I think we are not to judge over-hastily of this affair. All her *Spring* and *Summer* she liv'd like a *Diana*; but toward her *Autumn* the leaves of her affection turn'd *Fueillemot*. Truly in this the woman does no more than what whole Nations do, I mean the *Tartars* and *Seythians*, who when they have graz'd up one Country, seek fresh Pastures in another. She finds the heart of her Husbands vigour worn out, as Farmers

do their grounds, and therefore lets him lie fallow a while, to try if he can recover his strength. You say, 'tis a surfeit---- Very good. Then take this for a rule, if a man have eaten *Lampreys* liberally for nine years together, and surfeit in the tenth, his Physician will not admit him to feed upon that dyer any more. Surfeits are dangerous; and the surfeit of a long thing with one eye, may be as deadly, as the surfeit of a long thing with nine eyes. *Change your Cock*, was a piece of advice once given to a Lady, by a person of eminent gravity and preferment. That was upon a complaint of ineffectual conjunction: However, good advice is not confin'd to one single Occasion.

Having deeply ponder'd all these considerations, the woman lays out for another convenient Mate, and by good luck meets with one; opens her griet, and finds Compassion. By the way, here is a woman griev'd; and persons agriev'd are always the Objects that Compassion is in search for. As you may find by all the stories of the *Seven Champions*, *Don Bellianis of Greece*, the *Knights of the Burning Pestle*, and a hundred more. Now this person had been no true Knight, had he stisted so noble

noble a Vertue, since it was in him, as his Compassion. So great a happiness it is when Grief and Compassion meet together, and so glad is Compassion of doing its Office. Both which centring in *aliquo Tertio*, strangely redound to the good Fortune of the forsaken Husband, that his frigidity should prove the occasion of the so lucky meeting of Grief and Compassion. All which consider'd, the woman could be in no fault; for she was certainly aggriev'd: and grief naturally seeks redress. Nor could the Gentleman be in a fault, by reason of his charity and generosity in relieving the distressed. But you'll say, Vertue seeks no corner, and Truth is always naked. Neither do I believe but the truth of this business was as naked as you could wish or desire. Why then did the woman not reveal her *distress* and *relief* to her Husband? but endeavour to blind him with her slim-flam-stories, and make him believe she was as honest as ever she was in her life? Hold a blow there, I did not tell ye the Gentleman was forc'd to do what he did: and you know, Charity's a Vertue that always loves to keep her self private. Perhaps her Husband, had he known it, would have bid the Devil take

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the Gentlemans Compassion, and so she might have been the occasion of her Husbands cursing so great a Virtue: No--- 'twas better as 'twas. For her grief had been unreliev'd, and the Gentlemans Compassion had been prevented.

But where's this mans Discomfort all this while? Why upon his Wife's turning Whore, his Estate got a *Gonorrhea*, and pin'd and consum'd away to nothing. Or if you will have it another way, his Wife put his Estate upon the spit of Prodigality, and let it lie roasting so long at the fire of her Lust, that it dript quite away.

What then? This is no disparagement to *Matrimony*. For while the woman lives within the confines of *Matrimony*, and the man retain'd his *Ability*, all things went well. For I must tell ye, *Ability* is as it were *High Constable* of the *Hundred* of *Wedlock*, and keeps the peace in *Matrimony*. Now as the Constable is nothing without his *Staff*, so is *Ability* nothing without a good strong Truncheon. So that *Matrimony* is no way to be blam'd, but the Dissolution of *Matrimony* by the womans seeking after strange Gods, and adoring other *Priapus's* besides her own. Though,
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in strictness of reason, it may be a question whether the woman disannul'd the Marriage or no, and whether the end of Wedlock ceasing, the Marriage is not vacat of it self. Which if it be true, then was the woman upon the ceasing of the former Marriage as free for one as another.

But such is the sad age we live in, that women must be the scape-goats to bear all the sins and miscarriages of their Husbands.

Yet I have heard of a hoary Fornicator, that had gain'd the reputation of a most faithful Husband, one that had clamber'd to the top of the pinnacle of Parish-preferment, a Common-Council-mans fellow; one that never cheated but in the integrity of his heart; one with a Saint-like look, pecked bearded, Sattin cap'd, little banded; and when he drove a bargain, one that look't up to Heaven with his hands upon breast in such a manner, that you might have seen his Conscience in his eyes. Yet this good pious old man, upon an accidental step of his wife into the Country, suffer'd his Maid to steal into his wife's place; and so, as if he had found her there by chance, got her with child. 'Tis true, the good

good man (for generally such Saints as these have luck) had an ingenuous and dutiful Prentice that hope him out at a dead lift, or else who knows what a Family-havock it might have produc'd? I leave you to imagine the afflictions, terrours, and Agonies that tormented this *Senior* of the *Vestry*, when he found the state of his condition, in the midst of which he had no friend to trust but his good Prentice; in whom he had the more hopes, because he knew he made no great profession of Godliness, because he lay out of his house anights, and plaid many other pranks with which Satan inspires Youth. To him therefore he unfolds his misery; who most dutifully undertakes to father the child. And now the *Curmudgeons* stable and purse are at his command. On the other side, the young lad provides for the lying in, appears at the Christning, and brings in Taylors bills, which are not to be question'd. Now he may go out, lie out, ramble where he pleases; for still the Prentice was looking after the child, which though it liv'd not long, yet too long for the old niggards profit, two years really alive, and another half year still alive after 'twas dead, by the good management of *Father Junior*. How many new Gowns would

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would this expence have bought the poor ignorant wife at home? what a passion would it have put her into, had she known it? But it hapn'd well for Father *Princock*, whose Master, rigid and severe before, was now become his perfect slave.

There was a certain Exchange-man, who had liv'd well with his wife for several years--- You might as well have remov'd *Penmen-Maur* into *Middlesex* as have got him out for a quarter of an hour to drink his Mornings-draught. He canted to his Customers in Mood and Figure: Nothing more grave, nothing more solid, and every one prognosticated him a Fur-Gown and a Gold-Chain. And yet after many years thus spent in reputation, the Extinguisher of Misfortune eclipsed this flaming Christmas-Candle all upon a sudden. People star'd, wonder'd, talk'd and reason'd the case; but at length all came out: Secret whoring, private gaming, threescore broad pieces lost of a night, and a thousand flams and shams, and tales of roasted horses to his wife, not one of the *Comforts of Matrimony*, had been the occasion of all this.

Now where were the wives in fault, in either of these two cases? And truly I am apt

apt to believe, were there a true Catalogue of the excesses of this Nature of both Sexes, you would find the Poll much more numerous on the mens side. And to tax the women with expence, is folly. For he's a meer doting infatuated *Nicodemus*, that when he finds his wife galloping away with his Estate, does not hold her in, having the reins in his own hands.

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T H E
 Eighth Real Comfort
 O F
Matrimony.

I'll hold a good wager, 'tis no such discomfort of Marriage for a mans wife to desire the fresh air. 'Tis an ill sign on the mans side, when a woman is compelled to strain her invention to obtain of her Husband an innocent Recreation. Suppose he be at the charges of a Palfrey and a Side-saddle, 'tis no such Break-back-expence to endanger the sighing up his lungs by the roots. He that travels with his wife to shew her the Country, has the same pleasure himself, to see the variety of Seats and Towns, and cannot have a better Companion than his wife when he comes to his Journeys end. 'Tis a sign the woman has a nobler soul than to intermix with a Tag-rag and long-tail, when *Easter* and *Whitsontide* let loose the toying Rabble

Rabble to devour all the rotten Currants and meafly Swines-flefh about the Town in dry cakes, and flices of glorry Bacon ftuff with Goose-turds inftead of fweet Herbs. Or to be wedg'd in with the *Westward ho* Trumpery, till fhe arrive at durty, dufty *Brainford* for a Tanfey of green Wheat and addle Eggs, and a game at paltry Nine-pins for digeffion; and then home again, with a bundle of dead Tulips and Southern-wood to garnifh her Cobweb'd windows. Pretious Comforts of Matrimony indeed! 'Tis natural to women to love a full enjoyment, not the fips and tafte of pleafure. Give me a woman that knows what fatisfaction is. 'Tis a fign of *Genius* and fprightlinefs, the fweets of Converfation. Can any man be fuch a *Dunce* as to grutch his wife a Country-houfe? 'tis for his own intereft; 'tis as good as going to fee his *Uncle*, to leave his wife on Monday-mornings, and return frefh again a Saturday-nights; and thofe fhort abfences create new longings and new affections, and prevent the inconveniencies of furfeiting. 'Tis good for their Children too; They draw a fteady fanity from the innocent and ferene air of the Country, while the corrupted fmoak of the City, and the Exhalations of

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Brew-house-Funnels do but besoot their
 ings for the Chimney-sweepers broom.
 There a woman learns industry from the
 Bee, innocence from the Lamb, honesty
 from the Cow, that pays so well for her
 Meat, Drink, and Lodging; the Vine in-
 structs her true affection, and every flower
 teaches her every day new Lessons of cha-
 rity and contempt of vanity, when she be-
 holds how soon a ravishing hand despoils
 them of their glory, and how fading all
 their pomp and beauty is; when they that
 continually harbour in the City, have no-
 thing before their eyes, but the daily docu-
 ments of vice and vanity: and I say yet more---

These enjoyments certainly may well be
 allow'd a wife, when men themselves take
 a far larger liberty to revel with their Mis-
 ses and Concubines at *Epsom* and *Tun-*
bridge, or *North-hall wells*, where Fools and
 their Money are soon parted. It may be
 the man has a mind to prey farther off;
 and then the Scene is laid thus. At first
 great signs of an afflicted spirit, many
 Symptomes of inward vexation, the knife
 passionately slapt down upon the table at
 dinner, rubs his forehead, and well---quoth
 he. What's the matter, my dear, cries the
 good woman, simply and harmlessly, Heav'n
 knows

knows. A man would forswear trusting
 quoth he.----There's no driving a Trade
 Husband without it, quoth she.----It makes
 me mad to look in my Debt-book, quoth
 he.----There's a hundred and fifty pound
 lyes desperre in *Hampshire*, two hundred
 pound has been owing me this three years
 in *Devonshire*; but for the hundred pound
 in *Wiltshire*, the Gentleman promis'd me
 so faithfully last Term, that I thought he
 would never have fail'd me.----Well, I see
 I must take a long journey this Vacation
 but what 'twill signifie, Heaven knows.----
 Pox a this throwing good money after bad
 ----by *Jove* I hate it mortally. However
 quoth she, business is not to be neglected
 we must not loose a Hog for a haporth of
 Tar; what must be, must be; I'll take the
 best care I can in your absence.----Ay, quoth
 he, and then kisses her, that's all the com-
 fort I have.

Then close in his Counting-house for
 some days, till he has fill'd his Letter-cass
 with Bills and *Summa totalis's*, that you
 would swear a whole Troop of Horse little
 enough to guard him home again.

And now all his accoutrements being
 ready, up he gets betimes i' the morning
 puts on his Boots and Spurs; out comes
 the

he bread and butter and cold victuals, and
 his wife beholds him looking like *Jafan*.
 going to fetch the Golden Fleece--- Well
 so he, chawing one piece and cutting a-
 nother, if I get but half this money, and
 good security for the rest, I'll gi' thee the
 best Gowns, wife, that e'er thou wear'st in
 thy life. Well, Husband, I wish you good
 success, with all my heart, quoth she. Stay
 with me, what money had I best put
 in my Pocket--- faith I'll not take above
 five pound---the Devil's in't if some or o-
 ther don't help me to a recruit before that's
 spent. But this is onely a sham; for his
 returns are laid as they lay Post-horses, and
 are order'd their several stages already.
 The money brought and sob'd, he wipes
 his mouth, busses his wife, whirls down
 his hair, whisks up a horse-back, then ano-
 ther kifs i'the saddle, and so *God bless thee,*
my dear.

Some time before he gets to *Brainford*,
 Mrs. *Winifred*, being got thither by Infal-
 lible appointment before, stays for him at
 the *Red-Lyon*, and seeing him come trot-
 ting along, knocks for the *Drawer*. Tell the
 Gentleman that rid in, quoth she, his Com-
 pany's here. By and by, usher'd by the
 Drawer, up he comes--- Lord, my dear,
 cries

cries Mrs. *Winifred*, you have put me into
 such a fright! what made ye stay so long
 behind? Gad, my dear, I could not help
 it for my life, I met with a Gentleman at
Hammer-smith Towns-end, who would not
 be deny'd, but that I must drink a Bottle
 of Claret with him a Horse-back. I told
 him my wife was before--- 'twas all one
 and I believ'd thou wouldst stay here---
 which made me the less mind it. And
 thus in the presence of the Drawer the
 Match is made up in the twinkling of an
 eye. They are now man and Wife in the
 licking of a cat's ear: Onely to confirm it
 there must be a little bate, and the Mistress
 of the house call'd up to hear how plea-
 santly the *My dears* and the *Sweet-beams*
 pass between the new-married couple,
 while the crafty slut in the midst of her cups
 cries out, *Pray God my poor little Billy do*
but continue well till we return; I am fraid
my heart will ake many a dear ake for him
ere I get home--- Grace a God, Madam,
 cries the Hostess, all will be well--- Ay,
 ay--- Mistress, there's no fear on't, cries the
 new Bridegroom, he's with as careful a Nurse
 as any in the Town--- So remounting, a
 way they cross the Road, and if possible
 get to *Guilford* that night, for the conve-
 niency

niency of the Inn. Whither from thence
 the Lord of *Oxford* knows--- but a ramble
 they take, you may be sure, till money
 growing short, and having plaid over the
 play of a wife for a month with all the
 mirth and jocundry imaginable, home
 comes my Gentleman again, with his
 Purse as empty as his two-penny Purse.

Now you are to understand, that this
 same hot-codpiec'd Monsieur had as much
 reason to go a dunning for this money, as
 he had to throw himself headlong from
 the top of *Dover-Peer*; for what money he
 had owing, was already secur'd by Bonds
 lock't up in his Till. Onely the Comforts
 of Whoring are such delicious temptations,
 so ensnaring, so alluring, that flesh and
 blood cannot forbear 'um. But travelling
 with a man's Wife is the same thing still;
 a *Tartarian* way of cumbring the road
 with Family-luggage, and makes every
 strange Inn look like his own House. He
 cannot kiss his Hostess, nor smuggle his
 Bed-maker, because his wife's with him.
 And yet I may be bold to say, he might
 have had as smirking a Dary-maid as Mrs.
Winifred, neer his wife's denyed Country-
 house, at a far cheaper rate, take the half
 years Summer-expences and all in, than his
 Au-

Autumnal Christmas Gamboling cost him.

And thus you see what a strange discomfort of *Matrimony* 'tis for a woman to hone for a Country-house. But Lady's, if your Husbands deny ye next year, lay these things upon dishes.

THE

THE
Ninth Real Comfort
OF
Matrimony.

How! Haughty and proud, and domineering? Yes, she would have been at it, but the man kept her at a bay--- He took her down in her wedding-shoes. And so finding she could do no good upon him, they did as they did in the first world, liv'd quietly and contentedly together, for many years, and begat Sons and Daughters. These Children grew up too, and the boys are sent to the Grammar-School, and the Daughters profit to admiration i'their yellow Samplers. But when the Gout, or Stone, or both, come to confine him to his Prayer-book, *Hall's Meditations*, *Montagues Essays*, and the great Groaning-chair in his Bed-chamber, then she pays off his old scores; no fire, no candle, no plum-watergruel, no Mistress, no

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Maid

Maid to hold him the Chamber-pot ; or if the wife do now and then give him a visit, 'tis to taunt, reproach, to plague and torment him more than his diseases. The Son takes no courses, and the mother upholds him; his Daughters are not suffer'd to come at him ; with a hundred such-like vexations, and all by the Mothers contrivance. This you'll say is a very hard case ; but I say, no, but rather one of the greatest Comforts that could befall him, in such a Condition. For the man being now near the end of his mortal journey, there is no better way to make him weary of his life, and out of love with the world, than by such means as these. Crosses and afflictions carry a man to Heaven oftimes, when prosperity makes him neglect the care of his Souls health. Which the woman having heard at Church, takes that provident care to put him upon those Contemplations which are most proper for his condition. She gives him the opportunity to consider that he has liv'd long enough in this world, when his wife and children grow weary of him. And therefore what should I be troubled, quoth he, to leave these Trival Comforts, that am going to enjoy greater Felicities?

There-

Thereupon the man falls to reading ; if he want a candle, to his Meditations ; fits and prepares himself, makes his peace with Heaven, and so defying the world, dies like another *Cato*. Whereas that the woman dutiful, loving, indulgent always lamenting his departure, wringing her hands, grieving, weeping, blubbering, and crying out, What shall poor I do, what shall these poor Orphans do, if God take thee away, my onely joy, their onely comfort in this world ? And then they all fall a howling, though there be ten of 'um, like so many young puppies shut out of doors in a frosty night. These things strike so piercingly to his heart, that the Gout and the Stone are but the nips of a Flea to what he feels there ; and causes such a dissipation of all his Heavenly thoughts, that the man devours all the Cawdles and Ambergrease-Poffets his kind wife brings him ; swallows whole ounces at a time of Syrrup of Marsh-Mallows, and Oyl of sweet Almonds, to prolong his Aches and his Misery ; dispatches away his Billets to Church for the Prayers of the Congregation, sends for the Parson of the Parish to comfort him up with the story of *Ezeckia*, sends for the Doctor, and asks him--- is there no cure?---

have all Drugs and Herbs lost their Virtue?---- Then crys the woman, For Heavens sake, Doctor, do what ye can---- I am undone if my poor Husband dies---- never had woman a more kind and tender Husband---- Or had Children a more careful and indulgent Father, I'm sure---- Then 'tis the man's cue, Ay, wife,--- indeed, thou hast been always to me a dear and loving wife, and my children, I bless God for it, have been dutiful obedient children, and I would fain live a little longer to see 'um grow up and well disposed in the world, if the *Land* saw it fit. And thus these Dialogues of Lamentation do so mollifie the poor man's heart, and so bewitch him with a desire of Life, that at length *Death* surprizes him altogether unrepentant.

On the other side, the woman that leaves her Husband alone, *though men are never less alone, than when alone*, gives him all the opportunity that can be to employ his thoughts in Heavenly and seasonable Meditations, allows him time to recollect and repent him of his sins; and keeping him from Pothecaries shops, gives the diseases leisure to dispatch their business without opposition. The woman has
more

more kindness for her Husband than to see him in pain, well knowing what an impertinent and silly thing Pity is : Or to let a simple Doctor run away with half a child's Portion for ridiculous Receipts, when the money may so well be spard to the good of her Husbands Soul. Is it not better for a man to die quietly, taking time and solitary leisure, than to be pester'd with continual visits, and to have his Family Band *Lombelling* over his gasping lungs, and distracting him with their yelling and howling when he is going to sleep? Therefore, says the truly prudent and kind woman, when a man begins to grow out of date, let him be well brusht and laid up.

THE
Tenth Real Comfort
OF
Matrimony,

TO be short, Mrs Betty has been Moulding of Cockle-bread, and her Mother discovers it. However, though the Daughter have got a By-blow in her Belly, the Mother has got a fool in her eye, that shall make all whole again quickly. Well, ---quoth she, and who can help what will away? ---Thereupon, she gives her Daughter instructions; she takes 'em: the fool comes on, the fool's fool'd; away they post to *for better for worse*, and so the job's done. But----with a pox to't, here's the disaster, she has not been Marry'd above five Months, but coming home at night, her gull'd Husband finds a *Leveret* in his Chamber, not dreaming that some women *kindle* twice a year.

Now

Now what of all this? Some men love to open their Oysters themselves; others care not for that drudgery. Force your ground, and you shall have forward Pease by the latter end of *April*, and treatment-Cherries against *May-day*. Early Fruit's a rarity. And the Law's positive of his side, the Bantling's no Bastard. Some men lye fumbling five or six years together, and loose all their labour; he's admired for the fertility of his Codpiece.

The Maids in *Scotland* will marry a man to choose, out of the stool of Repentances; for then they find he has been try'd. 'Tis a hundred pound to a Hazle-nut, he was no Maid himself when he Married her: come, come, my Masters, the sawce for the Goose, is sawce for the Gander. 'Tis a fair opportunity to send for his own from Nurse, and so let 'em go for *Castor & Pollux*. Was there never such a prank plaid i'the world before? Yes----nor won't be the last. *Solamen miseris*----He's a fool that counts his Chickens before they be hatcht; but when he sees 'em pecking their Oatmeal. 'Tis good to be sure, says the proverb, and nothing so sure as the Lowse in bosome. For my part I think 'tis extreamly well as 'tis; for now having enjoy'd her

stollen pleasures before Marriage, she'l the less desire them afterwards. Now suppose the Child had been cleaverly conveyed out of the House i'the dark, and the wife sent after, who could have known but that his wife lay in in the Country? and there is no Law, nor no necessity that a man should begin the age of his Child from the Birth, but when he sees convenient.

But here comes the confounded *comfort* of this Matrimony. For notwithstanding all these grave and solid admonitions, this same young *Hairbrains* of a Husband must needs be running to *Doctors Commons*, with his tale of a tub; there's nothing will serve him but a Divorce, forsooth; there he proves the Milch Cow, and not his wife. For after all, they tell him, 'tis natural for the hedge-sparrow to hatch the Cuckows eggs, and there's no Divorce to be had. However, this makes a *hubbub* in the world, report always spreading like the circles that Children make i'the water with their Ducks and Drakes. And thus having exposed himself to the world, through his own folly, he becomes the derision of the Neighbourhood, not by the occasion of Matrimony. Nor is the woman to be blam'd for taking pepper i'the nose, to see

a *Nickapoop* revealing the secrets of his wife to his own ignominy, and her own shame. For had the thing been kept private, and this one single slip passed by, which was a matter of fact before he could lay any claim to her, he might have prov'd to him the best wife i'the world. And thus men bring their misfortunes upon their own heads, because they can neither manage their business prudently themselves, nor let others do it for 'em. Like the Pedler, that would not let his wife be turn'd into a *Mule*, because he did not like the setting on of the Tail.

For the Pedlars wife, seeing her Husband had but one *Mule*, and hearing of an Artist that could turn a woman into a *Mule* by day, and change again into a woman at night; quoth she to her Husband, if I could be a *Mule* by day, and a woman by night, I could assist your *Mule* in the day-time, and you in the night-time, and we might grow rich. Thereupon, the man was content she should send for the *Artist*. The *Practitioner* came, and was willing the Pedler should see all things done. First, the woman was ordered to put off all her Cloaths, Smock and all; then she was to posture her self upon all four like the Beg-

gar with his *Hand-pattins* : after that, the *Artist* stroak'd her all over , with a certain Oyntment which was to produce the hair ; with another Oyntment he sleeked up her Ears. All this the Pedler lik'd well enough. But when he came to put on the Tayl, the Pedler would by no means endure that the Tayl should be put on ; but cry'd out, he'd have a Mule without a Tayl, and so spoil'd the whole design. Thus if men will be the occasion of their Misfortunes by their own wilfulness , they must blame themselves , and not impute it to the ill effects of Matrimony. For I appeal to all the world , whether Matrimony could be the cause of this womans loosing her Maiden-head before she was Married ? And as for the Man , if it were his fortune to marry such a one, he took her *for better for worse*, and so without noise or hurly-burly he must take her as he finds her.

THE

THE Eleventh Real Comfort

OF Matrimony.

BUT what think ye of a Shrew? the best woman in nature. There's no woman like her, she's a Paragon. She makes a man both Poet and Philosopher. A Combat between an *Amazon* with her *Ladle* and *Potlid*, and the *Knight* of the *Basting-ladle*, is a Theam for a second *Hom*er. And then she makes a man a Philosopher, for she exercises one of the noblest of his Vertues, his Patience. For which reason *Socrates*, accounted one of the wisest Philosophers of his Age, marry'd a notorious Scold on purpose. The greatest Naturalists tell us, that Beasts are not subject to anger, because they are Beasts. Onely Men and Women are subject to anger, as being the most excellent of Creatures. If then the more angry the
more

more excellent, Scolds must be the more excellent than men, as being more angry. Men could not defend their Prince and Country, nor assail their Enemies without anger; nor women defend their peculiar Territories, Rights, and Priviledges, without Scolding. By that means women fetch their Husbands from their Pot-companions at Ale-houses and Taverns, burn the Cards, knock the Cribbage-board about their ears, and ring 'em those peals which their sloth and laziness justly deserve. Were it not for storms and tempests, the Ocean it self would forget it were a Sea, and condense into dry land. Thunder clears the air, and thundring women dissipate the excesses of their Husbands. Scolds are the Imitatrix's of Nature, and supply those *passions* of the *Middle Region* which men want. So that when you call Man a Microcosm, you must take the Scolds in, or else the Structure nor the *Simile* is complete. *Juno*, the chiefest of all the Goddesses, was a perfect shrew. For which reason they sacrific'd Hogs upon her Altars; a creature that makes the most abominable noise in nature. How did she persecute *Jupiter* with continual scolding, for his kindness to the *Trojans*? she not onely scold-

scolded her self, but set all the Elements too a scolding at 'um; the winds roar'd, the skies rattel'd, the Sea bellow'd in such a violent manner, that *Virgil's* hair stood an end.

Tanta ne animis Cœlestibus ira?

Could the Goddesses be such shrews so cruelly to persecute such an honest godly man as *Æneas*? What! always *Sweet-heart* and *Dear*? No, *Rogue* and *Raskal* sometimes does well; and a good thwack o'the shoulders comes seasonably when a man is so drunk, that he can hardly feel it. *Virgil* says, Anger is the Spur of Virtue. Who then more virtuous than *Scolds*, the most angry of Mortals?

A gang of *Crack-ropes* had got an honest simple fellow once, and made him believe that for so much money they would carry him to a place, where he should find a stone that would make him invisible: the credulous goose agrees and goes with 'um; and to be sure of the stone, picks up all the stones that were likeliest to what they had describ'd, till he had laden himself so, that he was hardly able to move. As soon as he had done, his Companions call him, pretending not to see him: he makes no answer; thereupon they conclude him invisible.

fible; and going before, take such order,
 that none of his acquaintance should take
 notice of him in the street if they met him.
 But when he came home, his wife gave him
 such a rally for letting Dinner be spoil'd,
 that he threw down his stones, and ran in
 great heat to call his Companions Knaves
 and Cheats for abusing him. And thus
 you see what a deliverance this man had,
 by his wives *scolding*. There never was
 but one Devil that came upon Earth
 to marry; and a Scold hunted him back
 to his old quarters in the Devils name.
 Had it not been for a Scold, what a mixt
 race should we have been pester'd with,
 half Devil, half Man, worse than we are
 already? Another thing is, there's sel-
 dom any deceit or sly cunning in a Scold:
 They are too open-hearted, they will be
 heard with a witness, and care not who
 hears 'um. And this makes greatly for
 the support of *Scolding*, that the Poets so
 highly commend *Proserpina* for a good
 woman; for if *Scolding* were a vexation,
 the Devil would certainly have had a scol-
 ding wife, since we hear of no other tor-
 ments missing in Hell. Where is there
 more scolding than at *Billingsgate*? and
 yet where more love and friendship? Those
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very women that you saw engag'd tongues and nails but just now, you shall see the next moment bubbling together like sworn sisters.

The Amazons were certainly very great Scolds, of all the women in the world; yet they were the onely remarkable women for great achievements. There—
Gorgethy self with the blood which thou hast so long thirsted for, said that Scold of an Amazon, *Tomiris*, when she threw *Cyrus's* head into a great wash-bowl of blood. What could any Scold have utter'd more bitter and venomous? *Hercules* did several wonderful Actions, kill'd Boars and Lyons; but *Omphale* pull'd down his mettle, and made him glad to spin with her maids. Come, Sirrah, quo she, spin, or I'll knock the distaff about your shag-pate—and so he was forc'd to wet his thumb and go to work. Now he that will deny *Omphale* to be a Scold, let him prove the contrary. Nature has provided for every particular Creature a peculiar self-defence; bristles for the Hedge-hog, tushes for the Boar, quills for the Porcupine, and a tongue for Women. Which they who best know how to brandish, makes the best use of nature's allow'd defence. I question whether
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the *Fish-wife* made that use of her tongue which she ought to have done, that suffer'd the *Potbecary* to slap her bare arse with her own Flounders. Yet so violent was the pursuit of the rest, that had he not immediately taken Sanctuary, for ought I know he might have lost a cheek.

--- But now as to men, I say, a scolding wife has this peculiar vertue to exercise one of the noblest of his Vertues, his Patience. Therefore when *Socrates* brought home his friends to Supper with him, and they were something troubl'd to see his wife play the Devil with two sticks, throw the meat about the Room, and over-turn the Table, bid 'um consider that tame creatures were not always without their faults, and yet we pass'd them by, much less were we to take notice of the extravagant. And another grave Philosopher informs us, that we must bear with, and endure, not blame what cannot be avoided. So then a scolding wife is to be born with, and not blam'd. You shall find among the Proverbial Poetry, a hundred Exhortations to suffer and patiently endure afflictions, vexations, tribulations, or by whatever other term you please to give the misfortunes of men; and our own Mothers.

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thers frequently teach us, *That what can't be cur'd must be endur'd*, that *Patience is a Virtue*. And the French-men tell ye, *He who wants Patience has nothing*. What signifie all these Golden Instructions and admonitions of our fore Fathers, or how should we put them in practice; where should a husband have an opportunity to shew the height and expose the quintessence of his Patience, if it were not for womens scolding? Take away *Scolding*, the Cause, and ye take away Patience, the Effect, presently; and so ye lose the *Hog-Patience*, for the hapoth o'Tar, *Scolding*. A man is not bound to live in a steeple among Bells for the exercise of his Ears, when he can hear a noise as loud or louder at home. Thus much for Patience.

Now for the Antiquity of Scolding, which is a very great University-argument. *Simonides* that liv'd under *Darius Hystaspis* above 3000 years ago, tells us, that *Jupiter* made nine sorts of women, of which one sort he made out of the Sea-water. And that therefore they were sometimes calm and smooth of disposition, at other times nothing but tempest and whirlwind; there's no withstanding their fury. So wonderful and so boysterous is the

the storm, that the Steers-man of the House is forc'd to quit the Helm, and commit himself to the mercy of the *Hurricane*. Now these must certainly be Scolds. And in *Juvenals* time, Scolding was grown to that height, that one single woman would be loud enough to wake the Moon out of an Eclipse.

But what will you say if we prove *Scolding* to be a part of Love it self? and that we shall do from the comparisons appertaining to Love. For Love is compared to flames and fire, which you see how they rage sometimes, yet embrace every thing that they devour. What can be more like such a conflagration than Scolding? Like your vixen Schoolmasters, that when they are thrashing a boys buttocks, still cry, *Corrigo te, non quod odite, sed quod amem te.*

Then again Love is compar'd to a *Lightning*, which is nothing but the brushing of the two Thunder-clouds together, and striking fire at the same time. Like which Lightnings are the glitterings and sparklings of a *Scolds* eyes, to shew that the thunder of her anger is not without the Emblems of affection in the seats of Love.

By way of Application then; since there is no man that can be perfectly happy in
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this life, but that he must meet with rubs and jumps in the Bowling-green of this world, and that nothing more shews a man to be a true Philosopher than patience, which he can never exercise unless he meet with an opportunity; there can no real discontent arise from the occasion that gives him that opportunity to shew himself both a Man and a Philosopher. 'Tis Heroical to suffer, and Heroical Actions always breed an inward pleasure and satisfaction. And therefore he that dyes Matrimonies Martyr, has no reason to blame his wife that is the occasion of such a noble Inscription upon his Monument. And therefore the *Yorkshire Knight* did ill, that pull'd out his Ladies teeth to keep her from Scolding. For how could she keep her Tongue between her Teeth, when he had torn up the fence?

THE

T H E
Twelfth Real Comfort
O F
Matrimony.

I Agree w^ye, ---²tis the general complaint, men do not love to be Cuckolds. But yet I fear me, these complaints smell too much of partiality. For there's not one man in five thousand that cares to be confin'd himself. Why then should that be a trouble to a man, that always was, still is, and ever will be ? 'Tis sufficient that a man be a Roman Catholick in his opinion concerning his wife, and pin his faith upon her sleeve. A woman that never lay with any other man but her own Husband in her life, might set up for one of the greatest Doctresses about the Town. For you shall find a story in *Herodotus*, that *Phero*, perhaps *Pharaoh*, the Son of *Sesostris*, was struck blind, and so continu'd for ten years. The next year he sent to consult the Oracle,

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cle, by which he was answer'd, That if he wash'd his eyes with a womans water that had never known any man but her own Husband, he should recover his sight. You may be sure a Prince would spare for no cost, nor no search in such a condition. However, he try'd his own wife first; but alas! her water would do no feats. How many several womens waters he try'd afterwards, Heaven knows, but the number was infinite. At length, when he was almost in despair, he met with one womans water that did his work. Being cur'd, and well, he caus'd all the women whose waters he had experimented in vain, to be brought together, and thrust into one great City (by which you may guess there was a swinging company of 'em) and there burnt them all together, City and all; and then took the woman that had cur'd him to wife.

What then is universal, can never be a true cause of discontent, since 'tis one mans fortune as well as anothers. And for the women, they are not to be blam'd, because their Husbands lead 'em the way. And from whom should women sooner learn their instructions, than from their Husbands? Therefore said the Gentlewoman

man to the Parson that call'd her *Baggage*, and better fed than taught, 'twas very true, because he taught her, and her Husband fed her. For they must still walk by their Husbands rule.

Neither is there any invention of man, no Law, as the Rump-Parliament try'd to little purpose; no Stratagem of Male-wit that can obviate the suttelties and devices of women in the business of Cuckoldry. Who would think that any devil of a woman should have it so ready? For mark how it fell out; no sooner was the good man gone out betimes in the morning to work, but his wife admits her private friend into his warm place. The Husband, it being an unthought-of Holyday, returns much sooner than he was expected, or his company desir'd. The woman hearing him knock at the door, puts her friend under an old Copper-Furnace in the wash-house. As soon as the man came in, Wife, says he, I have consider'd that we have no use of that Copper-Furnace in the wash-house, and so I have sold it, and here's the man come to fetch it away. And how much have ye sold it for? quoth she. So much, quoth he. By my faith, then quoth she, you might have brought your friend before, for

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for I have just now sold it to another for half as much more : And the man's now under it, to see what holes there are in it, that they may be mended. And so heaving up the Furnace, the man came out, paid down his money, and had his bargain. Where could the man suspect the least harm in all this ? And yet you see there was harm, though not to be discover'd by any but a Conjuror. What could the Father say to his Son in Law, when he complain'd of a discovery he had made of his wife ? The Father desir'd the Mother to take her Daughter in private, and give her a juniper - Lecture. She does so, and the Father and Son resolve to over-hear her. Fie---- quo the Mother, do such a thing, and suffer your self to be discover'd at your years ! Where was your wit ? where were your brains ? I have been married to your Father these twenty years and upwards, and have had many a private Friend in a corner, and yet thy Father can't say, black's my eye. I say, what could the Father say, when he heard this, but advise his Son to secresie and discretion ? Or what could the Son do but take his wife again, and double his guards ?

I would fain know what man cares to
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be out of the Fashion? or what reason a man has to be discontented at the Fashion. If it be the fashion to be a Cuckold, why should that grieve and torment his mind? Rather let him consider whether it be not a custom, or rather a Law so made by a long Prescription of near four thousand years; and then comfort himself up in this, that he has the same liberty.

Revenge they say is sweeter than *Man-na of Calabria*. But if there be no occasion of revenge, how shall a man enjoy the Sweets of that Pleasure? Therefore it fell out well for that man, that he was a Cuckold, who understanding his Neighbour had made him so, order'd his Wife to send for his Neighbour, and lock him up in a Chest in her Chamber. And then sending for his neighbours wife, and telling her the whole story, gave her a nooning over her husbands head upon the same Chest where he lay fast under lock and key. For now they stood upon equal terms.

Sometimes it may happen that a man low iⁿ the world may gain by the bargain. Like the Foot-Souldier iⁿ the Trainbands, who having got leave of his Captain to dispen^se with him from the Guard, was got home, and going to bed about one a Clock.

Clock i'the morning. His doublet was off, and his breeches thrown upon the bed : But his wife was so ill of a suddain, so mortally sick, that unless she had a Cordial presently, there was nothing but present death. The fellow, compassionating his wife, snatches up his breeches again, puts on his doublet, and knocks up the next Pothecary for a Cordial. What Cordial ? Any Cordial, that exceeded not nine-pence ; for he had but a shilling, and three-pence he must have to spend next morning upon the Guard. But when he came to dive for his nine-pence, his fingers in one pocket were up to the knuckles in Gold ; which encouraging him to feel further, he found a Gold-Watch in a by-fob, and a convenient quantity of Tower-coyn'd Silver-Medals in another pocket. The fellow wonder'd at the strange multiplication of his single shilling but said nothing, took his Cordial, and return'd home to his expiring wife. In the mean time the Gentleman was gone with his leathern Breeches and the single shilling to bear his Charges through the Watch, and glad he scap'd so. And thus you see, if it hit well, there's content a both sides ; if otherwise, a man must take it as it falls. But yet for all this, I am apt to believe the world is not come

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to that pass yet, but that the men are far more in fault than the women. 'Twere impossible else, that there should be so much work for the Surgeons and Pintle-Smiths about this Town. 'Tis impossible that there should be such swarms of Charlatans and Knights of the Syringe in every corner of the City. Not a Gate or spare wall but what is plaister'd over like a Country-Ale-house, with *No cure no money: A hundred Infallible Cures*, and a thousand more defiance of Mortality, enough to astonish death it self, as if he were upon his last legs, and that Men had wrested his Scithe out of his sinewless clutches. You cannot walk the streets without having three or four Schedules in a day of humane Infirmities pop't into your hands. So that now if a man can't live by the Tap or the Syringe, 'tis time for him to go, a Buckaneering to *Jamaica*.

Whence this Incouragement? Faith, neither better nor worse; women are not so bad as men would make 'um, and therefore the old trade of whoring still flourishes. In short therefore, since there is no man that wears a Bulls feather who is not as apt to give it, let him never think that a discomfort to himself, which he dreams no vexation to another. THE

T H E
Thirteenth Real Comfort
O F
Matrimony.

IS she so? Why, what's the matter? Why, the woman's a mere Tyger for jealousy. And what can be more irksome to a man, than to live under the yolk of Tyrannical suspicion? His goings out and comings in are dog'd and trac'd like a Hare iⁿ the snow. Where ha you been to day? What, you ha been to visit the Taylors wife, I see by your *hang-dog* countenance--- But I shall pull the eyes of her out at one time or other. I hear of your pranks, I do; but I'll spoil your swan-hopping iⁿ faith. And when he comes to pay his nocturnal Tribute--- No, no, get ye gone where you have been all this day--- I'll ha none o' your Gilflurts leavings--- And this is a great inconveniency of Matrimony that gives him no rest. But such men

consider not, that your jealous women are the onely kind wives in the world. 'Tis not out of anger that they chime so loud i'their husbands ears, nor out of disrespect or neglect of Duty that they tell him his own, but out of pure love and affection. The woman would ne'er have been at the price of a halter to hang her husband that was to be executed, and carried it the *Sheriff* her self, but that she was jealous lest her Husband should escape the punishment of his sin. Where jealousy is absent, there can be no real Love. Jealousie is the Condiment that preserves Love, as Sugar preserves Pears and Plums. 'Tis the Dog and Bell that keeps blind Love i'the right way. Jealousie is the *Argos* that watches the unruly and wandring footsteps of scaperloytring Lechery. And therefore men are discontented, & murmur at the jealousy of their wives, as little children hate the Chirurgeon that cures um of a *Fistula* i'their Tails, because he hurts 'um. The first Condescensions of women are but the beginning of Love, but Jealousie compleats and perfets their affection. For unless a woman lov'd her husband, why should she be angry that another should enjoy him? 'Tis a sign she's ambi-

ambitious of her husbands Affection, when she envies all others that she thinks have any share with her; and a demonstration that she preserves her chaste embraces entirely for her Husband. A loving Mother is always brooding in her thoughts over her absent Infant, and still suspicious of the miscarriages of a neglectful Nurse. In like manner, what can be more kind and obliging, than a wife that keeps a continual watch and guard over the safety and preservation of her Husband, well knowing how many traps and baits that Harlot *Pleasure* lays up and down in every corner for *Mouſe-like* men, that are ready to snap at the toasted cheese of every loose and vain affection. The Surgeon that boasted that he had *Nuts* of Priapus's anow (the spoils of venereal Combats) to button a Leaguer-Cloak, gives a woman sufficient warning to be careful of her husbands ware. It shews a woman has a true value for her self, when she scorns to be out-rival'd. These Maximes the Town-Misses are not ignorant of, and therefore count themselves then best belov'd, and are best satisfi'd, when their Paramours brook no Copartnership in their Chamber-Practice. In them jealousy is applauded by their wan-

ton Admirers; and why not in a Wife, whose care is much more tender and cordial? Thus a jealous wife takes care of the main Chance; and a Man has the same reason to be offended at a jealous wife, as at an honest servant, who takes care to keep himself sober, when he finds his Master resolv'd to be drunk.

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T H E
 Fourteenth Real Comfort
 O F
Matrimony.

A Y----that's fine musick for a Husband indeed----for his wife to lie hickupping a bed ; as if she were engaging her stomach to give her Husband a Pillow-poffet. He is then in a bodily fear in truth, when he finds her breath inflam'd with Brandy , and is afraid every moment of being burnt in his bed. For I have heard of a woman that has set her self on fire , and been burnt to death with swallowing a Snap-dragon. And yet in such a wife there is both pleasure and content. For they say , that women are generally most kind in their cups ; and kindness in a wife is one of the chiefest things which the Husband expects from Matrimony.

Lovers are pleas'd to see Babies in their Mistresses eyes ; but when his wife becomes

all Looking-glass, where can he more delight to behold his own failings? which if they be failings, he has the advantage thereby to dress and reform his own ill manners first, and then hers afterwards. What greater pleasure can a man have, than to tuggle with his own wife? or what greater kindness can she shew him, then to sit foot to foot with him at the Tavern? 'Tis like drinking on a Sunday in Sermon-time with the Church-warden and Constable of the Parish in company. Or if a man have a mind to be rid of his wife, let him not suffer her to disgrace him, by the retail way of only a quartern at a time from the Stillers shop, but let him extend his kindness, like the Taylor in the *Strand*; let her roff off her Noggins by whole-sale; let the Brandy-Firkin stand by her bed-side.

Now that women have as much right to drink Wine, as well as men, is plainly demonstrable from this, That the Poet assures us, that *Bacchus* was both Female as well as Male, and perform'd the greatest part of his Conquests by the assistance of women; of which Sex the chiefest part of his Armies consisted. His Nurses too, the *Pleiades*, were notable Topers, you may be sure; for they spill their Liqueur to this day,

day, and are the certain foretunners of rain and fowl weather when they rise in an ill humour. Then, who were to be trusted with the Religious rites and worship ascrib'd to this carousing Deity, but women? And whether they were not notable Bowfers, you may easily guess by their Horse-play Ceremonies. But now, Heavens bless us! what a crime is it for a woman to drink a glass of wine!

But let us consider, I beseech ye, one thing more. There's an old Proverb, *In vino veritas, the Cup never lyes*. Whence we infer, that Fuddle-coys wives always speak truth. I promise ye then, I think that man has no reason to be discontented, that has such a precious Jewel; for you know, that all other women are not to be believed although they be dead.

Oh! but you'll say, Fudling women are apt to miscarry iⁿ their drink. To which I answer, that though I might tell ye, more women miscarry when they are sober than when they are Tipsie, yet I will only blame the Husband for that, who ought to take the more care of her, knowing her disposition. 'Tis a thing that looks ill in men, not to take care of their friends in their drink, but suffer 'em to reel home

i'the dark, and moyl themselves in the ken-
 nel; and therefore to neglect women, the
 weaker vessels, when they have been a lit-
 tle over-indulgent to nature, is a Solœcism
 in a Husband that justly deserves the dread-
 ed punishment of his carelesness. For
 her Husband cannot blame her for falling
 then, when her tottering condition is
 such, that without bolstring, 'tis impossible
 she should stand. 'Tis a question whether
 the venerable *Delphian Prophetess* did not
 always take a hearty cup before she went
 to consult the Oracle. For you see their
 Answers were generally such insolent rid-
 dles, that the Devil himself could hardly
 pick out their meaning. And for the *Sy-
 bil* that carried *Æneas* to Hell, you may
 find in what a pickle she made her self
 before she durst adventure the Voyage.
 When the *Trojan Women* burnt *Æneas's*
 Navy, the story tells ye, they were all sud-
 d'n'd (for the mischief was contriv'd over a
 damn'd Gossiping) yet we do not perceive
 that the *Trojans* lov'd their wives e'er a jot
 the worse for their frolick. Nay, women
 are so cleanly in their drinking, that many
 times they strain the Wine through their
 Smocks; when men, like slovens as they
 are, drink up dregs and all.

Let

Let men consider their own extravagancies; their flinging the Glasses over their shoulders, their burning their Coats, Hats and Periwigs; then their running to Bawdihouses, mad as March-hares, their *Scorning*, as they call it, and breaking peoples windows, their quarrels with the Watch, their disturbing the Counter-turn-keys, who are forc'd to rise in the cold, that their *Ratships* may not lye i'the street. I say, let men consider these things, and then tell me why it should be such a heart-breaking discomfort of Matrimony to see their wives tipsie, when they take so much delight in it themselves. For women, whose nature it is to be inquisitive, observing their Husband to take such an extraordinary delight in trowling the Bowl, are no way to be blam'd for their aspiring to partake of the same felicity. But lastly, another great comfort that same husband enjoys, who has a good Companion to his wife. For as wine debilitates both the one and the other; so he has the more rest and quiet in his bed, and is not dun'd so oft for due benevolence, but that he may easily afford it.

THE

T H E
Fifteenth Real Comfort

O F
Matrimony.

OH! But the man does not love hairs in his porridge. And yet sluts are generally very kind. For when the Soldiers in *Scotland* wanted Onion-sawce for their Wild-Ducks, the woman of the House, to supply their wants, was contented freely to part with the onely Clove of Garlick she had in the world, which her child for several days had eat and shit out again to cure the Worms. I must tell ye, a sluttish wife enures a man to the inconveniencies of War, where a man does not always meet with clean sheets or Sun-Tavern Cooks. Sows are the most nastie creatures in the world, and yet none more profitable or better Flesh. Perfumes are offensive to many diseases which *Affa fatida* cures. And how frequently do we find that

that men forsake their wives Sweet-bags, to have a touch with their greasie Cook-maids? If the woman be a slut, yet the man has this comfort, that she's fair, or else the Proverb's a confounded lyar. Now there are certain creatures that having more potent enemies than themselves, roll themselves over head and ears i'the mud, to escape the danger that hangs over their heads. And thus sluttish wives conscious of their Beauty roll themselves over head and ears in dirt, to avoid the pursuit of wanton solicitations, to the great advantage and comfort of their husbands. Cleanliness is but a new Invention; Sluttary was the mode of the Grandmothers of our great great Grandmothers; when *Romulus's* wife wore a flannel Smock a whole twelve month together, and *Aeneas* wip'd his fingers upon his Doublet instead of a Napkin. Sluttary is an Emblem of the simplicity of the old World, before Pomp and Luxury came in fashion. She that never sweeps the Cobwebs from her windows, has always an example and pattern of diligence before her eyes; and then she has another good quality, that she keeps her Husband out of the Mercer's and Lace-men's Books: and then her Victuals too

cost

cost little; for a T--d's as good for a Sow as a Pancake. Why should a man find fault with a slut, when *Venus* her self was born out of the scum of the Sea?

But then for her Virtues, a Slut is a woman of *Constancy*. She ever was, and is, and what she is ever will be, a slut. Without any alteration or change of Humour, according to the usual Levity and Inconstancy of her Sex.

In the next place, it shews contempt of the folly and vanity of the world, which is one round in her Ladder to Heaven.

Now as for the man himself, this is certain, that a slut can onely offend his nose and his eyes. Now what man would be so extremely indulgent to his nose or his eyes, to discompose the whole frame of Natures Habitation for a Hogo in his Pork; or boyling his Pudding in his foul Night-cap? I have known it rain butter'd Pease at a mans House, meerly because his wife brought him an Alchymy spoon onely smear'd with a little Candle-grease. Yet who would not rather choose to feed on a good joynt of Mutton, though it fortun'd that the Dish-clout boyl'd jig by jowl with it all the while, than a dish of Frogs-legs; or fri'd Mice, though never so artificially
cook't

Sow find was wo is, ith- our, on- t of h is s is his' d or of rk; ne- ale life ly et a 'd th s; ly 't

cook't *a-la-mode de France*? Or who had not rather see his wives nasty Comb in the window, than the slap-dawdries of paint and Fucus?

So that men are to weigh the good with the bad; some men's meats are other men's poysons. What some men nauseate, is grateful to other mens stomachs: we are not to hate Cows, because Cheese is made of their Milk: and as a learned Divine once said, the pleasures of a Hog are not the pleasures of an Angel. And therefore in short, men are to take their lots, and either be Fools or Philosophers. For as all Arguments in these Cases are uncertain, so must be the Conclusions.

THE

THE

Sixteenth Real Comfott

OF

Matrimony,

But forsooth, a man has a fine Estate, and a fine wife, and a fine portion; and this wife has a fine wit, fine conditions, and fine careffes,---but---the Devil's i'these *Buts*,---they come in so cenfoundedly at the but-end of a commendation, that they spoil all.---For this fine woman is so addicted to *Lantraloo*, and Back-gammon, that she makes a perfect *Speirings* Ordinary of her House. No sooner is the cloath taken away, but another clean cloath must be spread, and then out come the Cards or the Tables; and there she sits from after dinner, till one, two, three, four a clock i'the morning, day after day, night after night, consuming and wasting her fine Portion, till she begins to prey upon the main stock. And this is a parlous grievance, a

com-

comfort of Matrimony in the name of Satan. All this while the men don't consider what a happiness they have in enjoying such a wife. One cries, *I think my wife will play away her A---*, and what of that? Then there's the thing gone, which is many times the cause of all his fears, jealousies, and disturbances. How many men are there, that curse their wives tayls? which if the women have a faculty to play away, there's a fair riddance of the mens discontent. But I must tell ye, the fear of a wives playing away her tayl, is an idle thing. 'Tis true, she may be forced to stake it sometimes; but then, though she should fortune to loose, yet she wins by the bargain. But on the other side, how many men are there, that will loose their own Arses, and let a woman drain their Pockets as dry as a clean-swept *East-India* ship, for the favour of a little smuggling, or the commodiousness of access to their snowie white breasts? And then again, a man does not consider, that a woman addicted to gaming, minds no other pleasure; she sits squeezing her thighs and her buttocks, and will hardly stir from her chair to piss, much less to mind any other Fegaries. A man may conclude his wife
safe,

safe, when she is once got to her Cards. And it is a happiness that one game spoys another. The *Lydians* were a notable people, and these notable people the *Lydians* were the first that invented Cards and Dice. And the reason was, to keep their wives from other sports, which they thought more to their prejudice. For after *Candaules* the King of the Country had put the *Lydian* women agog, by shewing his wife stark naked to his friend *Gyges*, they were all mad, and bawl'd at their Husbands that they might be shewn naked too; every one believing her self to be as handsome as the Queen. Ay,---quoth the men, we'll find ye other divertisement; and so setting 'em to Cards and Dice, lay'd their animosities presently asleep. The love of *gaming*, where it once gets the victory, has such an attractive force, that there is no charm of power sufficient to controul it. It keeps women even from Play-houses, the Nurseries of *Hoity toyty Imaginations*; it keeps 'em from Lectures, and polluting the Church with un sanctify'd thoughts. Nay, the very consolation of having *Tib* and *Tom* in her hand, shall cause her to condemn the disappointment of the most solemnly-engaged assignation that ever woman

man made ; while the impatient lover makes many a weary step in the Temple-rounds , vainly expecting her that is as fast at *buying stocks* , as the Knights of *Jerusalem* iⁿ their Graves.

On the other side, if the wife be so happy as to make Fortune her friend, and some are so beholding to the slippery Jade , that you would swear she went snips , then it rains Guineys in that house. The pot-boyls upon the score of *Lantraloo-luck* ; Teal , Widgeons, and fat Capons are the Trophies of victorious *Gleek* ; the Triumphs of Back-gammon excuse the charges of the Fring'd Petticoat ; and many times the man too has his share in the taking present of a Point-Cravat.

Many are the blessings that attend the owner of a she-Gamester. She is always quiet, never out of humour. She is always patient , always contented ; never lowres, never scolds, never pouts ; for her heart rides at anchor in the Serene harbour of inward ease and joy.

Is she at play ? never disturb her -- she's then moving in the proper Sphere of her own delight. The Dolphin that had such a love for a Child, that he came every morning to the shoar, and carried him over an
arm

arm of the Sea to School with his breakfast in his hand, could never have been so serviceable to the Lad, had he been taken out of his own Element. When a woman is peaceable and quiet, and well, 'tis a madness to disturb her. Wasps never sting, but when they are unwarily provok'd. A game can never be well manag'd without prudence, foresight, circumspection, and policy. Seeing then that a woman who is a good Gamester cannot be without all these good Qualities, it is a certain sign, that he who has a good Gamester to his wife, has a woman so qualifi'd. And who can think it a discomfort to him to have a woman polish'd with so many rare endowments? By playing the *King*, they learn to govern; by playing the *Queen*, they learn to obey; by playing *Tib* and *Tom*, they understand the inconveniency of putting too much power into the hands of Servants. And stories furnish us with several examples of great Generals that have practis'd the Game at *Cbesse*, meerly to instruct themselves in the Art of War, in Stratagem and Surprise, and the methods of Embattelling, and encountring the Enemy. But suppose she looses all she plays for: Then she cannot be thought to have

all

all these good qualities before mention'd. What then? yet she is still bidding fairly for 'um, still upon the purchase of 'um; so that if she miss of her aim, 'tis the unkindness of Fortune, not her fault. And bought wit is always said to be the best.

And now how would you have 'um spend their time? you'd have 'um spin I warrant--- Yes--- and sit wetting their thumbs, till they grow as lean with exhausting their radical moisture, as one of the three *fatal* Sisters. A fine posture indeed! to sit all day long as if they were twisting the thread of their Husbands life.

You'd have her mind the Brat i'the Cradle; as if it were not far more noble and gentile to turn up a good jolly Trump, than a bawling Bastards shitten, stinking tail.

Nor is the loss so great neither, for what a woman loses in gaming, she saves in household-expences; in Coaches, Spring-Gardens, and Plays; in Balls and night-Rambles; so that none may be better term'd a Housewife than she, as being always at home, receiving visits, seldom making any: for where the Carkass is, there the Eagles gather together. A man is not crucifi'd with the tormenting thoughts, where or with whom

whom his wife should be at this or that unseasonable time of the night. A terrible affliction to those that continually dream of cornuting.

Suppose she lose her Cloaths from her back. Then her Husband is sure to find her a-bed, till she get a recruit.

No question-but it is a great vexation to a woman to lose, and a great toyl to be always labouring for a dead Horse. However, it is much more convenient that she should fret her self, than vex her Husband.

The Parson that lov'd gaming better than his eyes, made a good use of it, when he put up his Cards in his Gown-sleeve for haist, when the Clerk came and told him the last Stave was a singing. 'Tis true, that in the height of his reproving the Parish for their neglect of holy Duties, upon the throwing out of his zealous arm, his Cards dropt out of his sleeve, and flew about the Church. What then? He bid one boy take up a Card, and ask'd him what it was--- the boy answered, the *King of Clubs*. Then he bid another boy take up another Card. What was that? the *Knave of Spades*. Well, quod he, now tell me who made ye? The boy could not well tell.

tell. Quo he to the next, Who redeem'd ye? That was a harder question. Look ye, quo the Parson, you think this was an Accident, and laugh at it; but I did it on purpose, to shew ye, that had ye taught your children their Catechism as well as to know their Cards, they would have been better provided to answer the material Questions which I put to them.

And thus men may profit by their wives gaming; and raise many wholesome instructions to themselves from their losses. As first, if they knew as well what belong'd to Cuckolding their Husbands as they did to play at Cards, they would never prefer the misfortune of losing their money, before the pleasure of gaming with a friend in a corner. Secondly, that it was better for their wives to sit losing their Money at home, than their Reputation abroad. And thirdly, it ought to be a great satisfaction to 'um to see which way their money goes. For that's the great Plague to a Man, when he finds his Money run away like Quick-silver, but knows not which way the devil it goes. But she that games away her money, frees him from that tribulation of beating his brains with an impossible enquiry. And I must tell

tell ye, a man had better that his wife should game away twenty, than sport away five pound.

But, Gentlemen, consider how you shake your elbows your selves, how you make the dead mens bones rattle; you never consider how you fret, and tear and swear, and swagger and storm, and dam and sink, and curse and bite the Dice, and gnaw the Boxes. And then at length when the Devil deserts him at the last throw, then to see rage and despair ding the poor innocent box against the floor, as if he design'd it through the cleft earth at Lucifers own head, these are extravagancies never thought of. What a sad and miserable surprize it is to be taken by a Creditor with a Scrjeant at his heels, in the height of Security, at *bei a Main, have at all*; while the poor wife and barn at home live only upon trust with the Milk-woman!

What a pretty kind of Emulation it was between two young Sparks coming losers out of a Gaming-Ordinary! Quo the one complaining to his friend--- G---dam me--- I ha lost forty Guineys--- G---dam you--- Quo the t'other--- G---dam me--- I ha lost above fourscore--- Don't you think now, his friend was to blame if he contested with him for priority?

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What a pleasant comfort of Matrimony
 it would be to a wife, to see her Husband
 undrest by the Dice, as if he were to go
 to bed to his Misfortune ! The white Bea-
 ver leads the Van, then follows the Per-
 riwig, next in order the Cravat, then the
 Ruffles and Buttons thereto belonging. The
 Coat cannot forsake his Brethren ; and the
 Breeches hone after the Coat, as being of
 the same Cloath. And what now ? There
 stands stript Peel-garlick having nothing
 but his shirt and his fiery Passion to keep
 him warm : onely there is this small com-
 fort left him, that he cannot play away his
 Title of *Squire* ; that sticks to him as long
 as the least scrap of his Fathers Thrift re-
 mains. For it comes to that at length,
 that all must go, even the ~~wives~~ *Joynure*
 and all. So the willing Soul at length, o-
 vercome with endearment and Caresses,
 is carry'd like a Lamb to the slaughter to
 Serjeants-Inn, where after she has given a
 willing answer to the whispering Judge,
 she may then go hang her self in her own
 Garters. For this is the *Finalis Concor-*
dia between the Gentleman-Squire and his
 Patrimony. Therefore take him--- Kings-
 Bench, to the ruine of Wife, Children, and
 Posterity, that cries, my Grandfather was,

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a man of Five hundred a year if he could have kept it. Compare now the little *Losings* of a wife, and the Patrimony-havocks and extirpations root and branch of their Estates which men make, by the leudest, wickedest, and most impious methods in the world; and see who has most reason to complain of Matrimony.

THE

T H E CONCLUSION.

BUt it will be easie to remove all the Arguments which are brought against the Female Sex to prove the discomforts of Marriage, if we can but prove that Women ought to govern the State, and not Men. For then they are to look upon what ever is impos'd by women, as the effects of their just Dominion; and not lye grumbling as they do against the effects of their own ill Conduct. And indeed, it may be well wonder'd, that all our Knight-Errants of Philosophy, who have assaulted and pull'd down the whole frame of Nature, and rebuilt it according to their own chymical whimsies, not sparing the very Heavens, but either tumbling down or dislocating it's Orbs; never contenting themselves with usual and common remedies, but running in quest after odd and airy notions; this same Sympat hetical, and t'other Universal *Conundrum*; among all the rest of their Extravagancies have forgot

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got to transfer the Power of Governing the World from *Men*, that have held it in their hands by violence and Usurpation for so many thousand years, into the hands of women; since a Scepter is not more heavy than a Distaff, and a Cap of State very near as soon made and embellish'd as the gayest of Female Head-attire. Was it, for that they, knowing such a superiority too cruel and insupportable at home, thought it in conscience too dangerous to recommend it to the publick? Or whether was it, that they found the croaking of those Night-ravens wrought more upon great persons than the sound of the Trumpet, and therefore thought they already possess the Supream Power invisibly, yet in reality, and for that reason needed not any alterations? Or whether it were, that (according to their manner) they consider'd this as a business not concerning Life, and therefore neglected it as unnecessary? However it came to pass, certain it is, that they who have employ'd their Brown Studies in the transformation of Commonwealths, and made them such, that if men were good Angels they could not live in them, or if they were Devils, might possibly be forc'd into peace; there is not one of them but has

has forgot to set down this most excellent and necessary Piece of Reformation.

And therefore I affirm, That Government and Dominion in Women is not only lawful and tolerable in women, but also justly, naturally, and properly their Right. First, though some crazy Philosophers, drunk with vain Aristotelism, have endeavoured to debase them from the same Species with men; and others far more mad and inconsiderate than they, to deny them souls. Yet when we shall to this oppose the Scripture it self, which makes Man the Consummation of the Creation, and woman the Consummation of man; if we should cite those high Attributes which the Rabbies give them, or instance those particular Indulgences of Nature which *Agrippa* ascribes to them, or those peculiar advantages of Composition and Understanding which the learned Portugal *Zacutus* makes them to inherit: Or should we bring in *Trismegistus*, reputed the most ancient and most Divine among the Heathen Writers, who calls women the Fountains and Perfections of Goodness: or should we add to all this, that which stops the Mouth of Barbarism it self, that is to

say, the high Estimation put upon them even by the Mahometan, who in them place the greatest pleasures of their Paradise; it must needs be acknowledged, that these muddy Philosophers onely spoke the sense of feeble and decrepit Age, and that consequently their Philosophy was as feeble and stupid as their limber and useless Limbs.

And indeed, this is a Quarrel wherein Nature hath seemed to have declared her self an Interested Party, so that we need to go no farther than the judgment of our eyes, the quickest and the surest that a man can make to decide the Controversie. For whom can we imagine to be so insensible, as not to be presently touch'd with the delicate composure and symmetry of their bodies, the sweetness and killing Languor of their Eyes, the intermixture and harmony of their Colours, the happineesses and spirituality of their Countenances, the charms and allurements of their Meen, the air and command of their Smiles: so that it is no wonder that *Plato* should say, That Souls were unwilling to depart out of such fair Bodies. Whereas men are meerly rough-cast, bristly and brawny, and made up as it were of
tough

tough Materials ; and if they approach any thing neer beauty, they may be said by so much the more to degenerate from what they are.

And from hence we gain'd our main inference. For if the Majesty and Comeliness of a Governour gain so much awe upon the People, as Politicians have observ'd, and experience teaches us that it does : What advantage have they in magically charming and winning of the People given them by Nature, which the other cannot aspire to by Art? For who would not be sooner smitten with Tresses curiously curl'd and dangling, and built up by a ravishing Architecture, than with bushy discomposed Locks, though powder'd with Gold? Who would not adore a face glowing with all kind of attractions, rather than a Countenance savage with Bristles, and indented with Scars?

This is a certainty that needs so little Demonstration, that if you look but into any story, you shall find even the greatest Conquerours, lusty and proud in their Conquests, humbl'd and brought upon their knees by the fair Enchantments of Women. This we account Admirable in *Alexander* and *Scipio* that they could avoid ; in *Cesar* and *Mark Anthony* we pardon, in respect of the greatness of their other Actions. And therefore if the greatest Captains and Souldiers, founders of Empires, be of a higher and more exalted Nature than others of lower and meaner capacities, yet such as have been always commanded by women, who have made them decline in their very Meridians; may we not thence conclude, that Nature has given them a priority, which they enjoy in effect, though not in outward appearance?

'Tis to be supposed, that no man thinks *Solomon* to be other than one of the wisest of men, and yet it is well known how these white Devils seduc'd

him. *Augustus*, who may truly be said to have been one of the steadiest men in the world, one that in his youth out-witted all the Craft of the Hoary Senate, was all his life-time led by one *Livia*, who had that predominancy over him, that he by her means disposed of the Succession of the Empire to a Son of her womb by another Husband. But to make this yet more plain, we say that Age begets Wisdom. Now how general the affection of old men is to women, needs no proof, especially the older they grow, some of threescore marrying Virgins of sixteen; and therefore it is a clear Argument of the truth of this point, and of the Wisdom of those reverend Seniors that choose such Assistants for the Government of their declining years.

Besides, as certainly there wants not its reason in Philosophy, that all Vertues belong to the Sex we plead for; so may we also in the perusal of History find as many fair and illustrious examples of Vertue given by women, as there has been by men. Look but over the Roll of them, and you may easily from thence produce a sufficient stock of Presidents, where many things inserted as done by men perhaps are either brutish, heady, and intemperate, while in the women things appear more smooth and temperate. Or if there be any thing of passion or exorbitancy, it is but an addition of Lustre to their Sex, as a blush or glowing in the face sets off their beauty.

Now if it be necessary that Governors should be of good entertainment, affable, courteous, open of countenance; and such as seem to harbour no crooked or deep design; no men can be so fit for Government as women are. For besides their natural sweetness and innocency, their talk is generally directed to such things, as it may be easily inserted;

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that their heads are not troubl'd about making destructive Wars, enlarging Empires, or founding of Tyrannies. So that if we consider what has been said, and that even those most excellent Qualities which are to be most desired and wish'd for in a Governour, are inherent to them, we shall clearly gain the point which we aim at. What greater happiness, than to have a Governour that is religious? Now all Philosophy and Experience teach us, that the softest minds are most capable of these Impressions, and that women are for the most part most violently hurried away by such Agitations to which men are subject. How few men-Prophets do Histories afford us in comparison to Prophetesses! Witness the *Sibils* and the female mouths of the chiefest Oracles of the Heathens. And even at this day, who such absolute followers of the Priests as the women are? If you wish them merciful, these are the tenderest things upon the face of the earth. They have tears at command; and if tears be the effect of Pity and Compassion, and Pity and Compassion be the Mother of Vertue, we are oblig'd to think, that mercy rules most in them, and it is to be soonest expected from them. If you desire affection to their Country, where may you more luckily find it? Have not the women many times cut off their hair to make ropes for Engines, and strings for bows? have they not surrendred up all their Rings and Jewels to defray charges? Have they not been content to perish with their Husbands in their Habitations? and what greater love of Native Country can be shewn? Famous was the Valour of the women of *Haerlem* in *Holland* when besieged by the King of *Spain*, while they out-did the men in Martial deeds, and vy'd with their manly fortitude in sufferance of Labour in repairing and defending the Walls of their City.

As memorable was that of the women of *Amsterdam*, when it was besieged by the Prince of *Orange*, who by agreement among themselves, by their own Industry advanced a great Culverin upon one of the highest places in the City, and thence continually discharged it with great execution upon the Enemy. And how far might women improve this Honour to themselves, while they look upon themselves as the Mothers of their Country? What tenderness would not such a woman have toward her Children the People? Especially when we see private women shew such extraordinary effects of it, that it approaches sometimes to dotage or madness. Or would you have affection to the people at home? No effect so violent as that of women. Murthers, Banishments, Proditions, have been but small matters thence arising; and what Tragical effects their despair has wrought, Poets and Romances abundantly testifie.

Thus were this noble Sex restor'd to that right which Nature has bestowed upon it, we should have all quiet and serene in Commonwealths. Courts would not be busied with Factions and underminings, but all would flow into pleasure and liberty. Instead of raising Armies, and the continual noise of Drums in the street, we should be preparing for Masks, and instead of depressing Factions, we should be all for Balls and Amorous Appointments. So that men might follow their Handicrafts; Oxen might plough, and Millers Horses lead about the Wheel, while all this Labour and Toil serv'd only for the furtherance and ease of the Court.

Nor should we then have any Wars or Massacres, which so many argu'd have against, and against which the people so heartily pray. For women being of tender constitutions, and for the most part sedentary in their lives, would not engage in such rough

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rough employments, proper onely for man, who is but the best and most exalted sort of Savage, over whom the women have also this priviledge, that they can bring forth the greatest Conquerours, but Man can onely destroy them. Neither for several Emergencies have they wanted their active Valour, whereof they want not their several instances. Nay, some Nations have attained to this perfection of Female-Government, as the *Amazons* of old : and and it may be well believ'd, that were it not for the Usurpation of men at this day, we might have seen something modern very like them ; so that Sir *Walter Rawleigh* need not have given himself the trouble to fetch them from *Guiana*.

Moreover, we know well how necessary it is in every States-man, to be master of all the *Artifices* and slights that may be, to gain upon them with whom he has to deal. Now if any can be fitter to act this part than women, I am much deceiv'd. For what by their importunities, glances, trains, slights, ambushes, arifices, and petty infidelity, it is as impossible to escape them, as to go over fire conceal'd in treacherous ashes.

But I perceive a Volly, or rather storms of Objections coming on ; but such, as we shall easily escape without being hurt. In the first place, you will say, they are or will be inconstant. The fitter they are for all occasions of business. They will turn and tack about according as the wind serves, and so will never shipwrack ; whereas many Princes have split themselves and their Posterity, by being too obstinate in steering one Course. You will next say, they will be proud. What more proper than Majesty and high deportment in a Governour ? Without pride, how should there be reverence ? and without reverence, how should there be sujection ?

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You will tell me, they will be too delicate and gay. This is but to keep the Imaginations of the people aloof, which must necessarily be highten'd by such curious deceptions, which are as needful for them as the *Arcana Imperii* are for men. Oh! but they will be talkative. So much the better for the people; whereas reserv'd and dark Princes, that either mean nothing or ambiguously, leave the people in suspence, and make liberty either dangerous, or cause flattery to misconster it. You say, they will be cruel. I would fain know what man, take the wisest or the best, that ever bogg'd much if a head or two were in his way. And therefore, why should they be condemned for what is so usually practis'd? Lastly, you will say they are unwise. The more easie and supple to be govern'd by wise Counsellors. And therefore we must conclude, that as women bring forth Children to the world, as they multiply themselves into these visible and corporeal Souls, and after they have brought them forth, so they are most tender and careful to bring them up: And so it is most fitting, having all these pre-eminencies and indulgencies of Nature, that when they are brought up, they should also have the government of them. For a Potter would think it hard measure, that the Pitcher should fly in his face when it was made.

And thus without one blast, all the Discomforts of Matrimony vanish, since if women act contrary to their Fancies, 'tis no more than what the men are to be contented withal, as being due to the Privilege of their Sex; and the honour which men receive in being coupled to their Superiours, ought to drown all their other vain Imaginations of usurp'd authority and ostentation.

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THE OLD BACHELOR.

"He which that hath no wife I hold him lost,
Helpless, and all desolat."—CHAUCER.

"No life, no joy, no sweete, without a lasse."—
ALBINO AND BELLAMA, 1637.

"We have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beauties snow,
Or seeing have so wooden wits, as *not that* worth to know;
Or knowing, have so muddie minds, as not to be in love,
Or loving, have so frothy thoughts, as *easily* thence to move."
—ASTROPHEL and STELLA, *Sir P. Sidney*, 1638.

What "fox," in life,
Still takes no wife,
But would an heiress catch—oh, lor'!
Than on himself
Waste all her pelf?
'Tis the plotting, sly, old Bachelor!

Who is the "blade,"
When youth and maid
Give promise of a match—oh, lor'!
Will prate of care,
And pockets bare?
'Tis the senseless, cold old Bachelor!

Who to some friend's
His course oft bends,
More than one "buss" to snatch—oh, lor'!
With that friend's wife,—
So causing strife?
'Tis the faithless, strange, old Bachelor!

Who'll to some queer
"Bold creature" near
Himself *too much* attach—oh, lor'!
Until his name
Men but defame?
'Tis the vicious, wild, old Bachelor!

Who—soon and late—
To have his prate,
Will lift his neighbour's latch—oh, lor'!
And ne'er decline
To stop and dine?
'Tis the sculking, "doop," old Bachelor!

Who's ever found,
When wine goes round,
It quickly to "dispatch"—oh, lor'!
Cup after cup
Still guzzling up?
'Tis the drunken, dry, old Bachelor!

Who—unemployed—
Of *self* still cloyed,
Such dullness oft doth hatch—oh, lor'!
Cause 'tis his way
So long to stay?
'Tis the tiresome, slow, old Bachelor?

Who, in his dress,
Seems nothing less
Than "guy," stuff'd with old thatch—oh, lor'!
All things so worn,
Besmeared, or torn?
'Tis the nasty, foul, old Bachelor!

Who wears such hose,
His skin oft shows—
That ne'er get darn or patch—oh, lor'!
Housekeepers, oh!
They're still so slow?
'Tis the hated, cross, old Bachelor!

Who—all alone—
Lives but to groan,
And his small beer to watch—oh, lor'!
While, to his cost,
Things oft are lost?
'Tis the grudging, grim, old Bachelor!

For whom, at last,
His sins all past,
A hole will sextons scratch—oh, lor'!
Though well we know
Few tears will flow?
'Tis the worthless, bad, old Bachelor!

C. C.